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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cornwall.—Whitesand Bay Hotel.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
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Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
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Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
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Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
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Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness (Suffolk).—Dolphin Hotel.
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Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

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Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

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Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gauntown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tobermory.—Western Isles Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

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Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

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Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
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Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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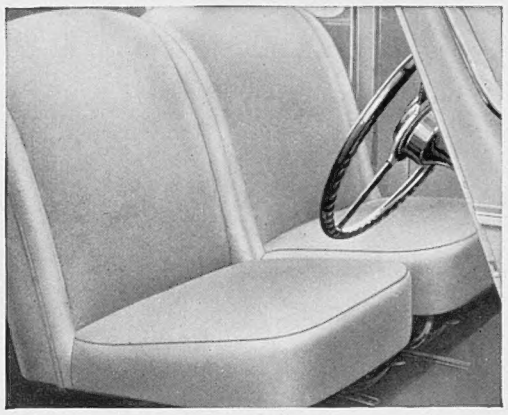

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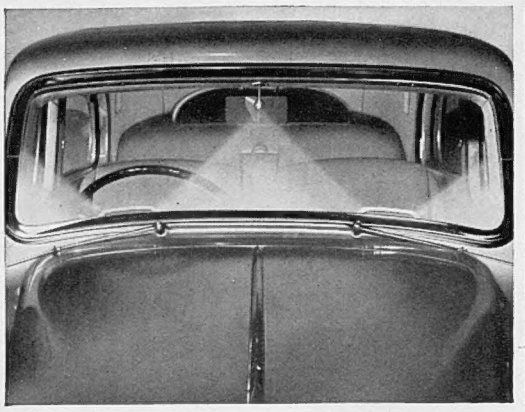

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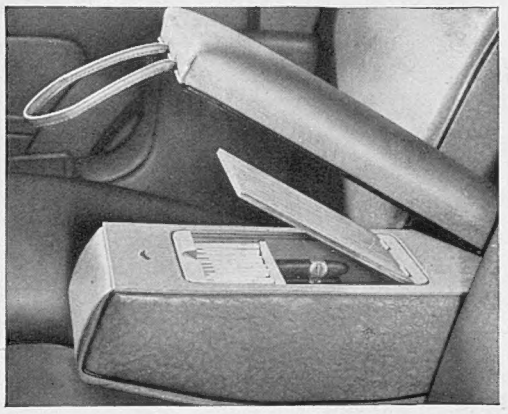

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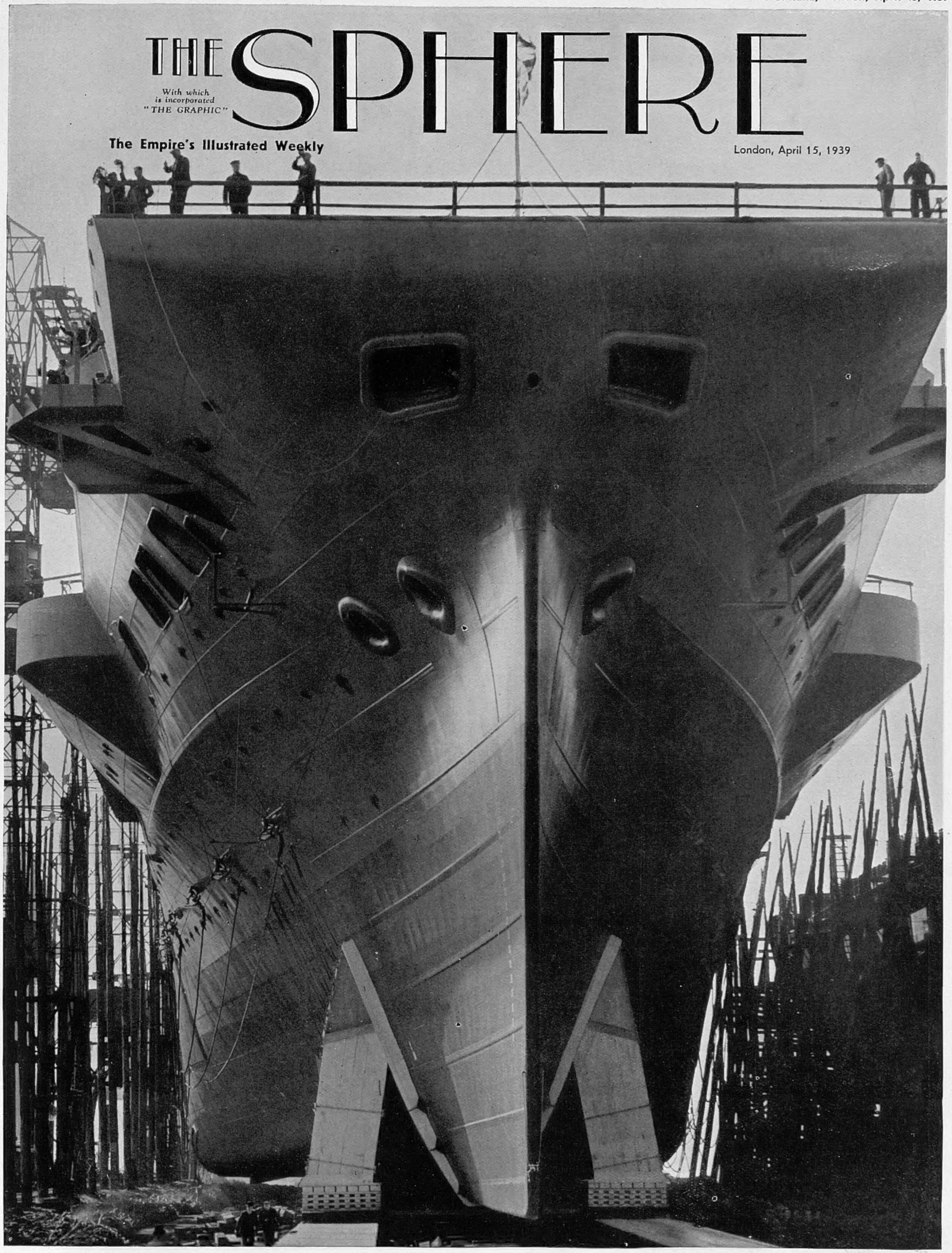
London, April 15, 1939



BRITAIN'S GREATER NAVY

Another Warship Makes her Bow: The Aircraft-Carrier "Illustrious" Goes Down the Slipway at Barrow

Hardly a week goes by without a new British warship taking the water, and rapidly and surely we are creating a navy that will be able to defend our trade routes whatever may befall. The *Illustrious*, which was launched on April 5 from the naval construction works of Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow, constitutes the second of the seven new aircraft-carriers in the rearmament programme and she will probably be ready for sea early in 1940, about the same time as the carriers *Victorious*, *Formidable*, and *Indomitable*. The *Illustrious* is similar in many respects to the *Ark Royal*, details of which have been given in "The Sphere." New cruisers and destroyers are making their bow with quite remarkable speed, being really the spearhead of Britain's great peace-time naval effort. The capital ships are recording the slowest progress but it is not thought that in this direction any foreign power can spring a surprise

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BANK HOLIDAY VISITORS TO LONDON CONCENTRATED ON WHITEHALL and some of them certainly had value for money, as they were able to watch the Ministers arriving for and departing from the special Cabinet meeting held in view of the European situation. From early morning to late afternoon there was a ceaseless stream of strollers in the bright sunshine

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, April 12, 1939.

WHOM THE CAP FITS.—H. G. Wells on Bonaparte, in *The Outline of History*: "The old order of things was dead or dying; strange new forces drove through the world seeking form and direction; the promise of a world republic and an enduring world peace whispered in a multitude of startled minds. France was in his hand, his instrument to do with as he pleased, willing for peace, but tempered for war like an exquisite sword. There lacked nothing to this great occasion but a noble imagination. And failing that, Napoleon could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dunghill. The figure he makes in history is one of almost incredible self-conceit, of callous contempt and disregard of all who trusted him, and of a grandiose aping of Caesar, Alexander and Charlemagne which would be purely comic if it were not caked over with human blood. Until, as Victor Hugo said in his tremendous way, God was bored with him and he was kicked aside into a corner to end his days explaining how very clever his worst blunders had been. . . " Let us take comfort from the thought that this or worse (if worse there be) usually *is* the end of all but supermen who seek world domination for national or personal aims. God gets bored with them, too.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN BREAKS OFF HIS HOLIDAY: The Prime Minister, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, seen on arrival at King's Cross early on Sunday morning, having returned hurriedly from his fishing holiday in Scotland to be on hand to deal with developments in the international situation. But for the Albanian affair Mr. Chamberlain would have probably landed his first salmon of the year

SABOTAGE.—Two hundred years or more of penal servitude, it may be, will not convince a few dozen obstinate and ignorant ruffians that no amount of sabotage in Britain will further the vague, so called political, ends they have in their muddled brutish minds. Four centuries of sad history in the relations between England and Ireland only serve to convince us that there is a type of mind in Ireland from which no reason, no appeasement, no lapse of time and no period for reflection can ever expel brutish obstinacy or banish dark places and blind spots. Those chapters of history show bitter faults and cruelties and blindness on both sides, crass obstinacy, exaggerated nationalism, selfishness and cruelty. Muddle on one side and intransigeance on the other. To-day these major faults and crimes are a memory to 95 per cent. of Irishmen. Both sides know there were faults on either side. Both sides have a better understanding of the other's aims and difficulties and, domestically, if it were not so, on neither side of the Irish Channel does the power remain for one side to dominate or dictate to the other. This handful of thugs, working their evil wills under the banner of the I.R.A., are equally detestable to both Britain and Eire; they represent no constructive opinion; with the best approaches they could by their influence achieve nothing that agreement between the two governments has not already provided for in a gradual evolution to a new order. They are outlaws and madmen, more brutish than any in Europe to-day, for they have even less pale colour for their blackguardism. They have not even the excuse of inspiration from all the forces of a misguided nationalism, superbly organised. They are pariahs and rats, against whom every man's hand must be turned until the nest is exterminated. And, first, the hand of all good Irishmen. For if there is one thing beyond the rest which their black crimes prove, it is that their country is still capable of breeding a type of mind which is sub-human, and incapable of reasoning, a black heart which no treatment can cure. Their activities to-day readjust yesterday's final judgment of the rights and wrongs of the long and tragic history of Irish relations. The heavy blame which was apportioned to Britain is every day modified in the knowledge of what mental degradation and brutishness still exist among a tiny percentage of a fine race of men. Against that brutishness what could angels and archangels have done then? Their crimes, though perpetrated in England, hit Eire first and hardest to-day.

BUDGET.—I do not wish to risk my career by "anticipating the Budget" for any profit to myself (as a prophet). I have, indeed, no honour as a prophet in this country on Budget questions because I was confounded by the revenue results of the past financial year. The Chancellor (to my surprise) knew better than I did. He was only £17,000,000 out in his revenue estimate, while I expected him to be at least £30,000,000 out. The pundits outside the private door do not anticipate a very heavy decline in revenue from income tax and N.D.C. during the new financial year, at the most a combined decline of 5 per cent., despite the published figures of the first quarter which certain big companies have made and which show declines up to 15 per cent. The Chancellor, it is estimated, will have to budget for £925,000,000 for all purposes; and on last year's revenue figures would cover that estimate with a surplus of £1,000,000. So that the problem which amateur prophets set him is to raise the wind to find the difference between £1,000,000 or so and the probable decline in

the receipts from income tax and N.D.C. And they warn him that it must not be raised by direct taxation, or he will kill the goose that lays the eggs he thrives on. But have they forgotten another little bill to come in for the expanded Territorial Army?

HARROW—AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A good many people, when they read the announcement that Harrow was to confine its complement of boys to 500, must have first said to themselves: "This is a drastic reconstruction." People always loosely couple Harrow and Eton and have assumed that Harrow, like Eton, has topped the 1,000 mark. Harrow certainly has had of late years as many boys who play cricket as has Eton, for Harrow has no serious rival in rowing. But actually Harrow's recent peak has been 600 while Eton's has been nearly 1,200. Harrow was never designed for more than 500, nor has she reconstructed her buildings for more than that limit. Chapel and class rooms are adequate for no more than 500, a figure to which economic facts and good sense alike now restrict her. The big grammar schools in the great provincial cities have always come between Eton and Harrow in actual numerical strength (day boys included) and of the leading public schools Wellington, St. Paul's, Clifton, Charterhouse, and Rugby among others have often had more boys than Harrow. The 500 mark is in my opinion the ideal for a public school and I am not convinced that the boys benefit when her numbers exceed 1,000. All schools of privilege have reached the time when far-sighted reconstruction is necessary, if they are not to be caught in the blizzard of economic and perhaps political facts. The difficulty which faces them is to harmonise the essentials. The days are at hand when the demand will no longer exceed the supply, and the claims of parents will carry more weight in matters of education and costs. In the case of private schools unquestionably, and generally of public schools, the greater the numbers, the more profitable the undertaking. Junior masters cannot be tempted in unless salaries afford decent prospects. At private schools such salaries may be possible where there are 100 boys, but the teaching usually suffers when the numbers do not exceed the "ideal" of sixty boys. How then to harmonise the essentials of rationalised education to fit the boys for modern conditions, the best teachers, numbers kept within personal contact and corporate spirit limits, selection but without too much class distinction, and finally fees kept within limits which do not justify the charge that public school education keeps down the birth-rate of the professional classes? There is hard thinking and planning ahead for governing bodies and headmasters, if the public school system is to survive the next two decades, with its advantages preserved and its failings removed.

WANTED—A MAP.—The Duke of Alba, foreseeing the troubles of Spain four years ago, began to take precautions about the treasures of his Madrid house, Palacio de Liria. As a result, many of them survived the wanton destruction of the palace, which is a gutted ruin to-day. The Goyas are still at Geneva; the famous Flanders Campaign tapestries are safe, too. Smaller treasures were sent to the Bank of Spain and may be intact and recoverable, despite the war and the needs of the Republic Government who had control over the Bank until the other day. The smallest treasure of all, being easily portable, was left in the palace in its glass case, and in the event the duke had no chance to carry it away. It was the map drawn by Columbus, an ancestor of the duke, tracing the coast line of the New World he had discovered. Who holds this map to-day? No one knows even if it still exists. Perhaps it is ashes; perhaps one day it will be rediscovered in a curiosity shop. What would not an American collector have paid for it a few years ago? But it is of no more value to a thief than was gold coin to Crusoe, or a world-famous Gainsborough to a picture thief.

ESCAPE FROM HITLER.—One simply must have a holiday from Hitler and Europe. What do recent publications offer me? I chose Lord Midleton's *Records and Reactions* and Sir David Hunter-Blair's *In Victorian Days*. Can any other living statesman rival Lord Midleton's record? He held office first in 1886. He was indeed a Victorian Cabinet Minister. As for the Abbot, his reminiscences appear to go back to Methuselah. He can give you his first-hand information about the King of Rome and many lights on the Paris of Offenbach. When you find yourself back in the '90's with these authors you are concerned not with their corrections of history or accepted truth, not with their criticisms, though Lord Midleton's are often stimulating, trenchant and interesting. What hits you in the eye is that sense of security and permanence which then pervaded all things, social and political. We made no wise use of our blessings. They are gone and what would we not give to have them back again, even for a year!

THE RESPITE.—How long is it that this name of Hitler has given an onion taste to all our daily fare and tainted the air we breathe? Six months (each one a year) and much more. A respite was indicated, if this island were large enough. We drove west—past Oxford, Gloucester, Ross, Monmouth, Abergavenny. No escape yet. The posters were flaring still with the man's name—Hitler, Germany, Nazi. . . . "German–Italian staff talks (official)," "Berlin's fury," "Hitler defiant." We drove west, on and ever on. Llandovery, Llandilo, Carmarthen . . . the posters grew rarer, the gorse more golden. The larks were singing and the lambs frisking. We drove on through Red Roses and Stepaside (no posters in these little symphonies of villages) to Pembroke. And on towards the Land's End and the Atlantic. And then we turned off to St. Govan's chapel in the rocks and descended to the ledges below the cliffs. The sun shone warm, it was calm; sky and sea were blue. There was no sound but the gentle murmur of waves. On the turf above the cliffs a few thrifts were in bloom and the gorse was golden. Some fisherfolk doubled the headland in motor boats and began to lift the lobster baskets. And here at last the business was accomplished and the nasty taint was gone from the air, and sanity returned.

LORD STANHOPE'S GAFFE.—It is human to err, and Ministers are human. Nobody has ever questioned that commonplace. What Lord Stanhope said in the *Ark Royal* is not exactly known, and until we impose the only really sane and effective tax in these days—on *talk*—loose words will continue to be treated as not worth remembering by those who speak and those who hear them. And they will continue sometimes to create ephemeral sensations. Personally, I rather sympathise with Lord Stanhope. The fatherly and customary Premier's rebuke took no note of one fact. The dictators took the point that Lord Stanhope was deliberately aggressive. But to man your anti-aircraft batteries seems to me no more aggressive than to make your will and enter your dug-out. You don't shoot at your own bombers; you shoot at the bombers of an aggressor. We have lived for weeks in a state of war—practically speaking. What absurdity to tremble when someone calls a spade a spade! Precautions have been necessary of late. Why should we pretend that we do not take them? I think Lord Stanhope's gaffe was salutary.

NO RESPITE.—There was to be no respite after all at Easter. Italy, with a modern army, outnumbering Albania by 30 to 1, proceeded to blast and bomb her way into that harmless little country which by the treaty of Tirana, signed in 1926, she had undertaken to protect against aggression. Italy was tired of Germany getting all the plums, and so, with Germany's cynical consent, she snatched at this dried prune. Albania mopped up, Italy will be in control of the Adriatic on either shore and can seal it against Yugoslavia, presumably the next victim of the Axis. One can only say that the time is overdue for the Balkan Entente to take stock and to forget any differences which stand in the way of united action. In this business they are the first line of defence, but by no means the last. It is a matter of vital concern for the Mediterranean powers, and it is one more stage in the life and death challenge to the democracies and civilisation. The next moves must be rapid.

THE OLD STAGER

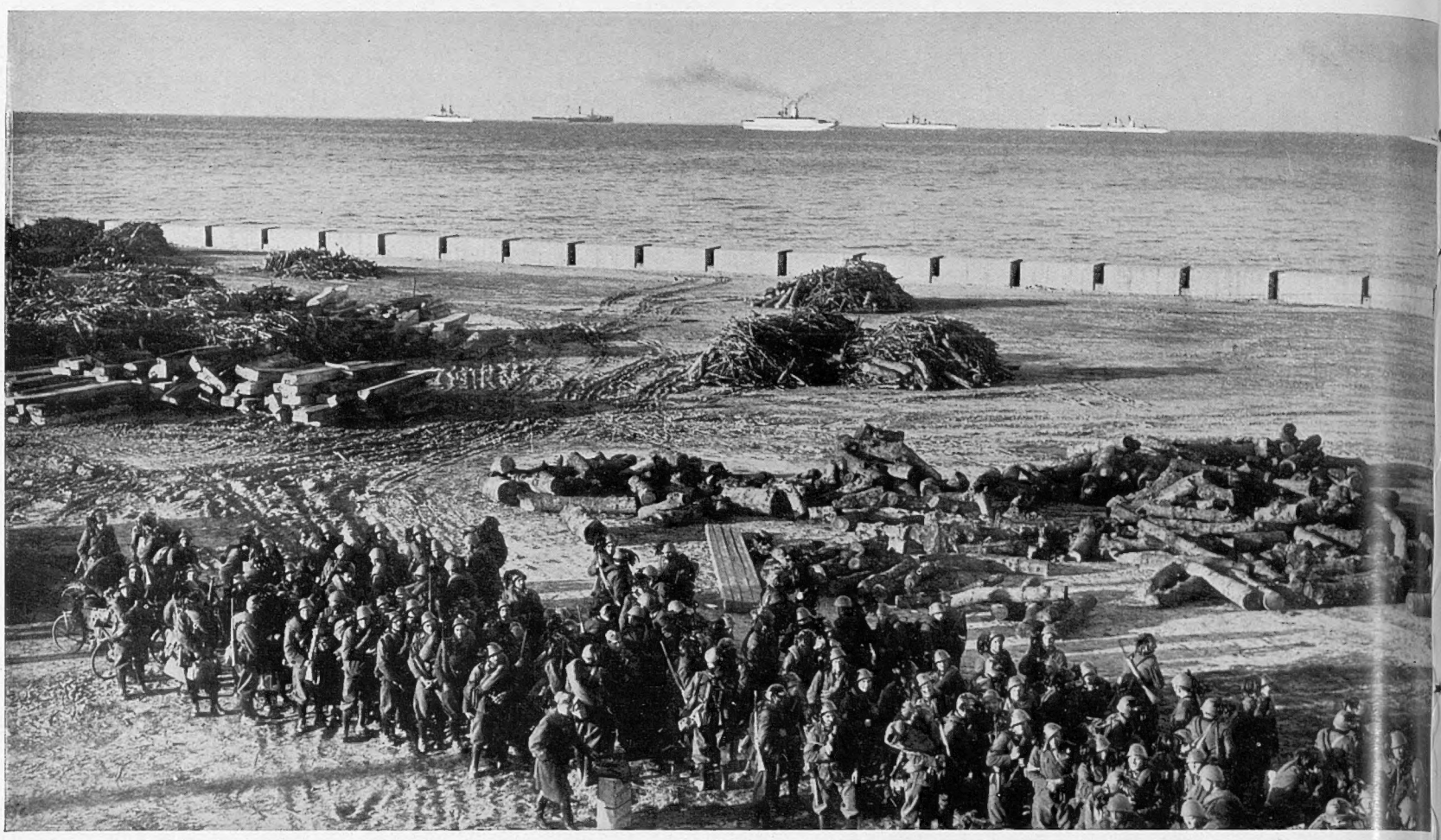
BEARING THE MIGHTY ALMS DISHES: Yeomen of the Guard, their legs adorned with red and white rosettes, taking the Royal Maundy money into Westminster Abbey for its distribution in traditional fashion. This year eighty-eight aged poor people were recipients, this number being made up of forty-four men and forty-four women, as many of each sex as the King's years. In the dish seen in the foreground are the green and white purses containing the clothing allowance, consisting of £1 15s. for each woman and £2 5s. for each man

AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ROYAL MAUNDY: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester leaving Westminster Abbey accompanied by the Dean, Dr. Labilliere. In accordance with Maundy tradition each of them carried a round bouquet of old-fashioned flowers

AN ESSEX RETREAT FOR WORKING WOMEN: H.M. Queen Mary receiving a purse on behalf of the Mary Macarthur Holiday Home after she had herself formally declared the home open. It is situated at Stansted, Essex

the sixty mark for a private school. The corporate spirit is much harder to preserve when these numbers are exceeded, and headmasters find it far more difficult to keep their personal contacts with their boys. Eton, no doubt, is a thing apart. Her accommodation to-day justifies a much higher numerical strength, but

ITALY INVADES ALBANIA ON GOOD FRIDAY

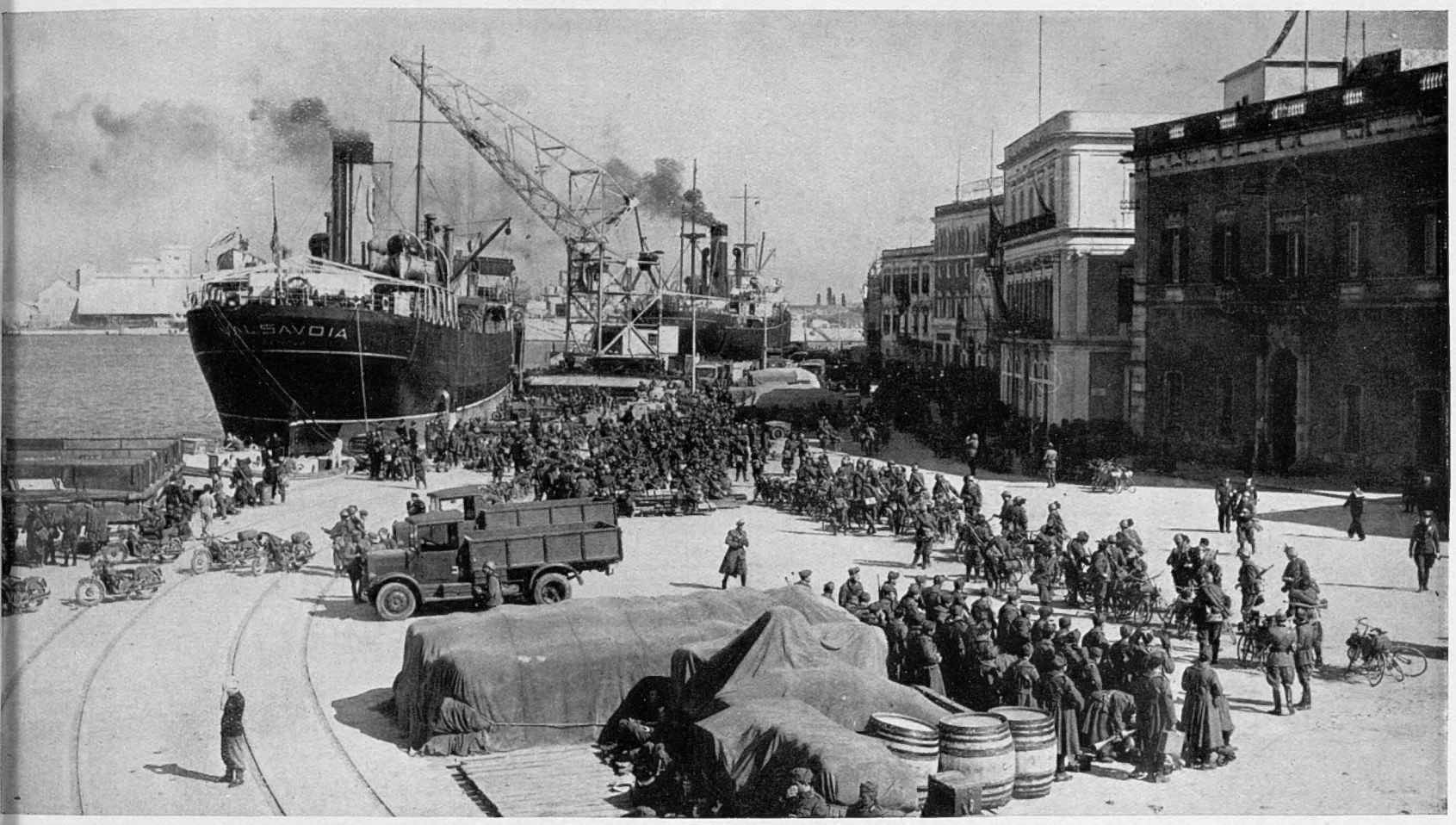


DAWN, GOOD FRIDAY, 1939: Members of an Italian cyclist corps halting briefly on the beach at Durazzo after being landed from one of the troopships which are seen standing out to sea. This invasion of Albania came after a week of rumours, but even so it was a profound shock to Europe, for no one believed that Mussolini would strike on such a vitally important day in the religious calendar. The first action of the Italians was to occupy the four ports. There was a certain amount of fighting, and it was stated in Rome that 140 Albanians and 25 Italians were killed

THE ALBANIAN ROYAL COUPLE: A post-wedding picture of King Zog and Queen Geraldine of Albania, who have been driven from their homeland by the Italian invasion. On April 5, two days before Mussolini struck, a son was born to Her Majesty and there were scenes of immense enthusiasm in Tirana. On Good Friday mother and child had to fly across the frontier into Greece. On the next day they stayed in Salonika. Last Wednesday Queen Geraldine was reported to be in a critical condition. *Below*—Prince Charles (hatless in centre), brother of King Leopold, casting his vote in the Belgian elections, a feature of which was the defeat of the Rexists

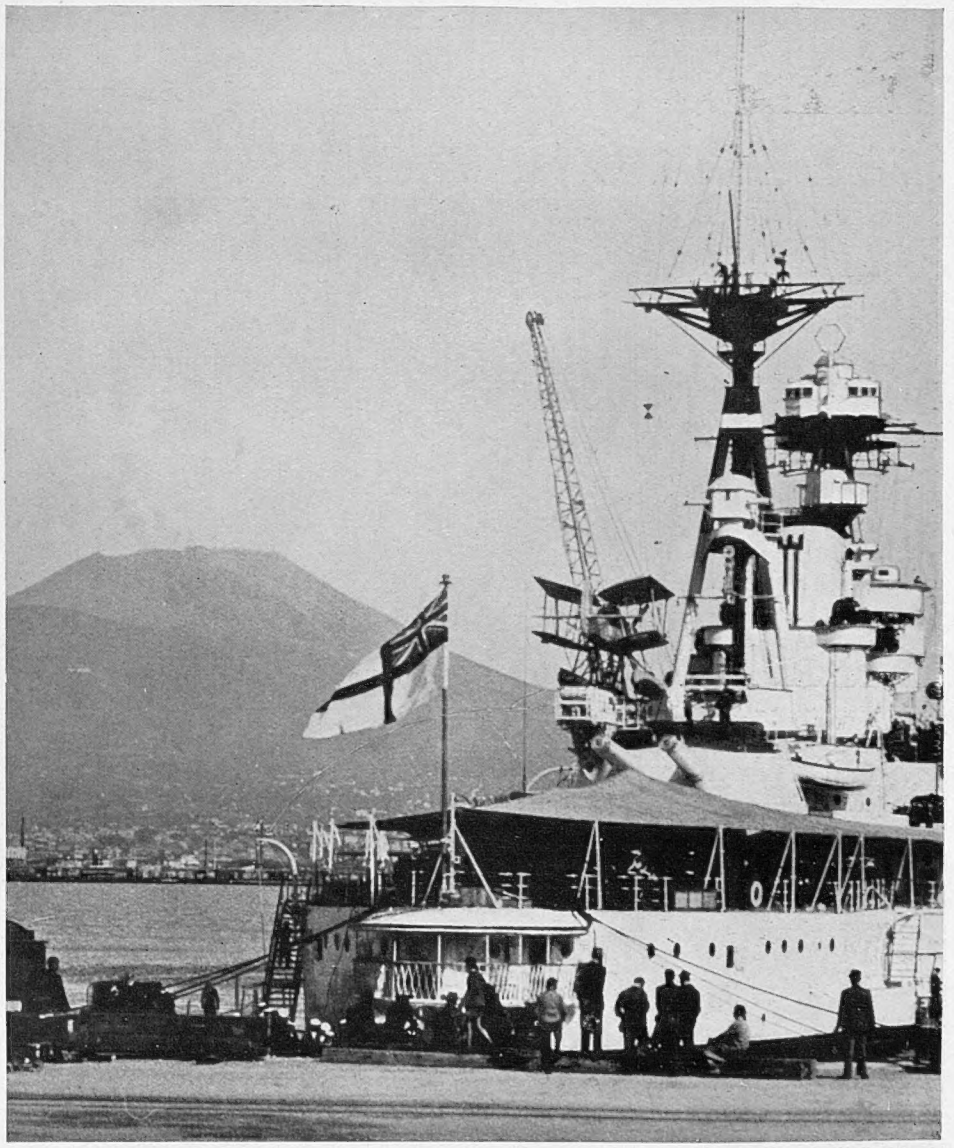
ANOTHER "SEPTENNAT" FOR M. LEBRUN: The National Assembly, consisting of the two French Houses of Parliament in joint session, seen in the chamber of the Chateau of Versailles as they balloted in the Presidential election on April 5. By a substantial majority (506 votes out of a total of 904) they returned M. Lebrun for a second term—a result that has aroused the keenest satisfaction among followers of

THE FLEET ALERT: FRANCE RE-ELECTS M. LEBRUN



IN CAPTURED DURAZZO: After the Italian landing parties had taken full possession of the port, ships sailed right in and moored alongside the quay, where they disgorged vast quantities of food and war equipment as well as thousands more men. It is not quite clear how much fighting took place in Durazzo, but on April 7 the Albanian official news agency declared that the Italians were driven back twice, thus having had to fight their way through the town three times before success was finally achieved. The Italian expeditionary force consisted of about 20,000 men

M. Daladier who, as a result, is believed to retain a much firmer grip on the premiership. By the traditional method of opening a dictionary at hazard, those whose names began with an "M" were designated to vote first, and as an usher called their names each went to the tribune and cast in his ballot paper. So, on to the end of the alphabet, and then round to "A" and thence to "L," the list was finally exhausted, and the votes were counted



SIGNIFICANT WARSHIP MOVEMENTS: H.M.S. *Barham*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Geoffrey Layton, second-in-command Mediterranean Fleet, at anchor in Naples harbour where she was paying an Easter visit with a division of destroyers. On receiving instructions from the Admiralty, however, she recalled her men, weighed anchor, and left for a secret rendezvous. At the same time the battleship *Warspite*, which was at San Remo, and the *Malaya*, which was at Mentone, acted similarly. It was reported on Tuesday that two British warships had entered the Black Sea

SPANISH REFUGEES REACH LONDON

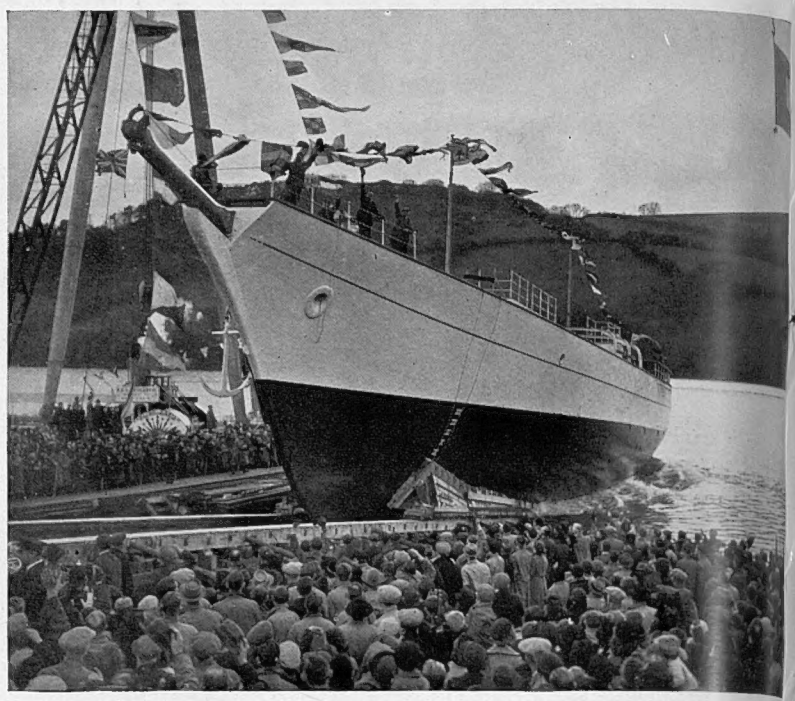
Col. Casado Heads a Party of Exiles Arriving at Newhaven

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY: Colonel Segismundo Casado, leader with General Miaja and Señor Besteiro of the Spanish Republican National Defence Council, which surrendered Madrid to General Franco on March 28, pictured (centre) on the quayside at Newhaven when he arrived in England last week with 200 refugees from Spain. These refugees are now being cared for by the Spanish Relief Committee, and most of them hope eventually to settle in Mexico or South America

ON THE NEWHAVEN BOAT TRAIN: Colonel de la Inglesias and Colonel Duran, two officers of the defeated Republican Army, seen in their compartment as they neared London—their temporary haven. Colonel Duran commanded the 25th Army Corps. He made a very lucky escape after being arrested near Valencia on March 29

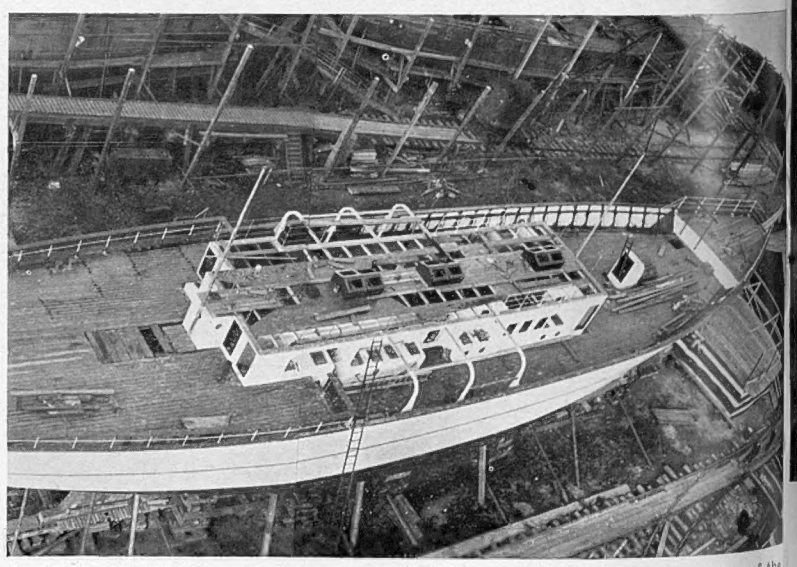
SANCTUARY ON BRITAIN'S SHORES: Republican soldiers who were still wearing their uniforms (all the clothes they had) on arrival at Newhaven. *Below*—Child refugees

Launch of the Non-magnetic Ship



THE R.R.S. "RESEARCH" TAKES THE WATER: This was the scene at Messrs. Philip and Son's Dartmouth yard as this remarkable new ship was launched last week. She is a 770-ton sailing vessel with auxiliary engine and is built largely of non-magnetic material so that she will be able to carry on with the maximum of accuracy the task of gathering data on magnetic variation. The charts compiled at the Admiralty as a result of her work will be made available to all nations

NON-MAGNETIC NAVAL BRASS is used for the various railing and deck fittings of the Admiralty's aptly-named new ship *Research*, and some reports have actually stated that the crew will not be allowed to shave as their razors would upset calculations. The *Research* is the only ship of her kind in the world, and in the event of war she would carry letter of marque, signed by the Powers, to protect her from attack



STOUTLY BUILT OF TEAK AND CANADIAN ROCK ELM: An overhead view of the R.R.S. *Research* before the launching ceremony last week. The work of the ship will be world-wide and, in addition to the determination of the earth's magnetism at sea, the *Research* will be used for investigating atmospheric electricity, deep-sea sounding and meteorology. A wide variety of special instruments will be carried

Rumanian Naval Visit to England

A FRIENDLY CALL IN BRITISH WATERS: Captain A. Roman, of the Royal Rumanian Navy, Mr. W. R. Duttson, prospective Rumanian Consul, and Captain D. Dumitrescu, Naval Attaché at the Rumanian Legation in London, pictured on board the Rumanian training ship *Mircea* when the vessel paid an unofficial call at Southampton

HE BROUGHT GOOD NEWS: Mr. Robert Hudson (right) alighting from a Swedish air liner at Croydon on his return to England after his 17-day tour of Europe's northern capitals. Mr. Hudson has not only negotiated the basis of a favourable new Anglo-Soviet trade agreement, but has persuaded groups of industrialists in Finland and Sweden to send delegates to London for a series of business talks which it is believed may result in those two countries each buying £4,000,000 more goods from Britain every year. According to Mr. Hudson northern Europe is showing the deepest interest in the progress of Britain's rearmament programme

WHEN THE SILENT SERVICE SPEAKS

Lord Stanhope's Unpremeditated Speech in the "Ark Royal"

MAKING THE SPEECH THAT STARTLED THE WORLD: Lord Stanhope, the First Lord of the Admiralty, seen as he addressed his audience in the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal* following the dinner given by the Navy to leading members of the film industry to express gratitude for the industry's generosity in supplying films at such low rates that every ship afloat can now have its own cinema. Unfortunately, the First Lord drew attention to the fact that there was not a full attendance, as some of the men were detained on board their own ships in readiness to man their guns. His remarks were interpreted in sensational fashion by certain elements in the Press and, as everyone knew the next day, apologies had to be made in Parliament

LORD STANHOPE'S AUDIENCE: A glimpse of some of the notabilities who heard the First Lord make the speech that was interpreted so sensationally and was not suppressed despite the efforts of Whitehall. In the centre is Mr. Noel Coward

THE DINNER IN THE OFFICERS' MESS AT PORTSMOUTH where leading members of the film industry were entertained by the Navy before the function in the *Ark Royal* at which Lord Stanhope made his speech. On the day following, question time in Parliament proved a lively affair and the chief spokesmen of the two opposition parties attempted to make as much capital out of the situation as they could

ITALY'S ALBANIAN COUP

A Chronological Record of the Invasion

THE following is a very brief record in diary form of some of the events of this latest crisis.

It was a crisis with two particularly unsavoury aspects. For instance, it is difficult to comprehend how the Duce could have brought himself to invade Albania on Good Friday when Italy's devout Catholics were thronging the churches; while the situation of Queen Geraldine of Albania, whose child was but two days old, should surely have been the subject of heart-searchings.

ITALY LEARNS OF THE ALBANIAN INVASION: Citizens reading the news in a special edition of *Il Popolo* shown on a Milan bookstall

It seems though that neither of these things weighed with the dictator, though assuredly they weigh against him.

It will be seen from the cuttings from *The Times* printed below how opinion wavered regarding the rumours emanating from the Adriatic. The whole affair, indeed, was done in true "axis" fashion, with denials up to the last moment.

APRIL 3, MONDAY.—Concentrations of troops and transport at Bari and Brindisi are reported, and there are other indications that Italy intends to make some move in regard to Albania. It is possible that what is intended is merely a change in the relations between Italy and Albania—some form of protectorate that would give Italy stronger control and enable her to develop Albanian resources more fully. The money so far poured into that country has benefited neither Italy nor Albania very much. The economic position of Albania has been growing worse of late.—*The Times*.

APRIL 4, TUESDAY.—The uneasiness which was felt both by Italians and foreigners, owing to reports of troop movements on the south-east coast of Italy, seems to have been exaggerated, though not altogether without foundation.—*The Times*.

APRIL 5, WEDNESDAY.—The opinion is heard that King Zog has been growing restive under Italian patronage, and has seen in the British lead an opportunity of regaining for his country much of that freedom which it has been steadily losing in recent years. If this suggestion proved true, it would provide a ready explanation of the reported Italian naval and military measures and of the urgent diplomatic contact between Rome and Tirana.—*The Times*.

A salute of 101 guns announced the birth at 3.30 this morning of the Crown Prince of Albania. The King appeared on the balcony of the Palace to acknowledge the tumultuous congratulations of his enthusiastic subjects. The national rejoicings, which will include the lighting of bonfires on the mountains, are expected to last for three days.—*Reuter*.

APRIL 6, THURSDAY.—At the Albanian Legation in London it was stated: "We are authorised to deny the truth of any statement regarding an Italian protectorate of Albania." It was added that any attempt to occupy Albania would be resisted.

APRIL 7, GOOD FRIDAY.—Albania invaded. Italian troops were landed at four points on the coast under naval protection, and after some brief but hard fighting, particularly at Durazzo, gained a foothold. Meanwhile Queen Geraldine and her two-days-old child fled across the border into Greece.

APRIL 8, SATURDAY.—King Zog fled to Salonika, having been outlawed by the Italians. By the evening Italy had virtually completed her occupation of the country, her troops reaching the Yugoslav border in the north and the Greek border in the south. One and a half hours after its occupation Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, arrived in Tirana and set about forming a new Government which would depend entirely upon Italy for foreign policy and defence.

APRIL 9, EASTER SUNDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain cut short his Easter holiday and came back to London in order to keep in touch with events. Consultations continued all day in Whitehall.

APRIL 11, TUESDAY.—The Dutch took frontier precautions and similar action was taken by Yugoslavia on her southern border.

BASKING IN THE EASTER SUNSHINE: Bank Holidaymakers on the heights above Box Hill, famed Surrey beauty spot. After a spell of unpleasant weather the brilliance of Easter week-end came as a truly welcome surprise

THE ARMY'S NEW WEAPONS were in action last week when the School of Artillery gave a demonstration of fire-power for 700 officers of the three Services, some of whom are seen here walking between the ranges

NEW WORK FOR THE A.T.S.: Girls of the Auxiliary Territorial Service are helping with the enlistment of recruits at the Royal Fusiliers Hall, Handel Street, Bloomsbury. By doing this the personnel of the unit (Eighth Batt. City of London Royal Fusiliers) with which they are affiliated, are left free for other duties

THEY NEVER FORGET: Members of the old Irish Republican Army making their annual Easter march through Dublin to commemorate the Easter Rising of 1916. Mr. De Valera and other ministers walked with them

BRITAIN'S FUTURE NAVY

How a Mighty Force is Being Created

BRITAIN is now making the greatest peace-time naval effort in the whole of her history, and within the next two years or so a very large number of ships, from those in the fitting-out stage to those which are only just laid down, will hoist the pennant. The speed at which ships have been built during the last few years is no criterion for the future; improved facilities for more rapid construction, especially with regard to guns and their mountings, are now giving benefit, although for some time to come they will be devoted principally to the types most in demand. Apart from circumstances which cannot be foreseen, sixty new men-of-war will be completed during 1939, and after that production will be still further accelerated.

LAUNCH OF THE "KASHMIR": A new destroyer takes the water from Messrs. Thornycroft's Southampton yard

The capital ships, which make most impression on the public, are making the slowest progress because they are the type in which it is least possible to spring a surprise on Britain. The first squadron of five of the new 35,000-ton 14-in.-gun ships is to be completed by 1942, the *King George V*, *Prince of Wales*, *Duke of York*, *Jellicoe* and *Beatty*. The second squadron—*Lion*, *Temeraire*, the two ships of the 1939 programme and one other—is not being hurried, and the 1939 ships will not be laid down until well into 1940. It was originally envisaged that the *King George V* and the *Prince of Wales* would be completed in 1940, and the fact that their progress has been delayed is merely another indication of the Admiralty's concentration on other craft.

Similarly with regard to aircraft-carriers, the *Illustrious*, *Victorious*, *Formidable* and *Indomitable* will be ready in 1940, the *Implacable* in 1941, but the new ship is still an unknown quantity.

In the cruiser fleet, which has given so much anxiety during the last fifteen years, the two remaining big ships, the 10,000-ton *Edinburgh* and *Belfast*, may be regarded as ready, for they very soon would be in case of emergency. The medium ships of the Fiji type (8,000 tons, twelve 6-in. guns, 33 knots) are proceeding well now; five are due to be completed next year and four in 1941, while four more are to be built under the new estimates. The ten smaller ships of the Dido class (5,450 tons, ten 5·2-in. guns) are all to be in commission by the end of next year.

By FRANK C. BOWEN

In destroyers also, the type which is most in demand for British purposes, the leeway is being made up rapidly. The two flotillas (sixteen ships) of the "J" and "K" classes, 1,690 tons, are now being delivered at short intervals, and the eight ships of the "L" class are to be ready next year, while two flotillas are provided for under the 1939 estimates. One of these is to be of the "L" class and the other smaller. The builders can turn out a destroyer to a new design in eighteen months; repeat orders need not take so long.

In the submarine fleet things are going rather more quietly for awhile. Eleven units of the Triton class are to be delivered this year and next, but only four are mentioned in the new programme.

The various types of escort vessels for the protection of British commerce are being hurried forward more than any others, over £3,600,000 being earmarked to be spent on them without delay. Half a dozen of this and allied types are approaching completion while two more of normal type are to be built and twenty of an entirely new fast type of about 900 tons each, an improvement on the "sub-destroyers" built on the Continent and in Japan. Delivery of this novel type is scheduled to start in May of next year. Ten mine-sweepers are also being laid down.

Motor torpedo boats are also being built, many of them experimental, but these little hornets can easily be completed within three or four months. Depot ships, instructional vessels, tankers, boom defence craft, and other "naval dust," as the French put it, are also under construction, and, although they seem to make little difference to the fighting force of the Fleet, their total cost is considerable, and, what is far more important at the present time, they demand a large number of officers and men.

Watch on the Dniester: Scenes in Bessarabia where Rumania Comes Face to Face with Poland and Soviet Russia

SYMBOL OF NEW COLLABORATION: Looking across the Dniester, at Tighina, from the Bessarabian province of Rumania into the Ukrainian area of Soviet Russia. From 1919 until 1935 the rail connection at this point was severed, as the Rumanians refused to recognise the status of the Soviet, but in the latter year diplomatic relations were begun and the two governments erected this bridge, each building its own half according to its own architectural ideas. The bridge is of the very greatest military and political significance, and on both sides of the river the strictest watch is kept. On many a night fugitives from communism attempt to cross

THE DAILY TRAIN seen on arrival at the Rumanian frontier town of Tighina after making the 5-kilometre journey from Tiraspol in Russia. The trip is invariably a slow one as there is a severe customs examination. In addition to the stationmaster and the armed guards there are two detectives on the platform, agents of the Rumanian Secret Service (Siguraza), whose main duty it is to stop Soviet propagandists and their literature from entering the country. Since the re-opening of the line an extraordinarily small number of passengers have passed this way. *Below*—The chief of the Siguraza at Tighina

A SOVIET SLEEPING CAR in the station at Tighina, Bessarabian province of Rumania. Arriving passengers can be sure of much cross-questioning and an exhaustive search through their baggage

A MELON VENDOR OF TIGHINA: A typical Bessarabian working man. Although a Rumanian subject, his language is Russian and it has to be remembered that Bessarabia was for some time under Russian dominance. By a secret treaty made in 1916 Rumania was promised reunion with Bessarabia in return for aiding the Allies, and in 1920 the promise was duly carried out

On right—
WHERE THREE COUNTRIES MEET: The ruins of the ancient mosque at Hotin, Rumania, from the still-standing minaret of which one can look right across the frozen waters of the Dniester to Poland on the west and Russia on the east. Hotin was once held by the Turks

A GUARDIAN OF THE DNIESTER: A Rumanian soldier on duty by the great river which divides Bessarabia from the Soviet Ukraine

AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF EUROPE rule King Christian of Denmark (*left*) and King Boris of Bulgaria (*right*), two monarchs of distinctly democratic leanings. Both their countries stand in the path of Nazi ambition

KINGS *Are Asserting Themselves*

Says FERDINAND TUOHY

THE dramatic role that intervening King Leopold may yet have to play if Belgium's two conflicting races, the Flemings and the Walloons, are to be induced to comport themselves so that the national unity—and perhaps independence—may be maintained, impels attention towards a manifestation apt to be lost sight of in the general swamping of the newspapers by the two supercharged gentlemen of Rome and Berchtesgaden.

Such crowned heads as remain are asserting themselves as they have not done since ten of their kind were swept away by the war. Glance in any direction and you will see the phenomenon at work. King George VI, King Farouk, King Leopold, King Carol constitute the high lights, but the rallying of the purple, or round it, is more widespread than that. There is serious chance of more than one throne being revived.

At present, republicanism, and not the totalitarian idea, has waned as kings and ex-kings stage a come-back. Three young republics have gone west inside a year, Austrian, Czechoslovakian, and Spanish, an aggregate of not less than 40,000,000 Europeans having been tugged from one form of regime over to another. Yet will that be the ultimate effect of this rise in kingly stock? May the dictators themselves be affected by this before the final reaction?

It is at least a legitimate speculation. Kingship breathes stability whereas the one-man Dictator shows are dreadfully uncertain and by all the tokens of time undestined to project themselves long beyond their creators. Current kings are patently on the side of peace, if only for having digested what happened to bellicose monarchs twenty years ago. Kings are linked with a maximum degree of personal liberty. And, whether it is muddled thinking or not, they are associated in the mass mind with happier times long ago. Not all this ghastly strain and manufactured gnashing.

So what? We find the kingly conception conjuring the four things this Europe craves for, yes, even scores of silenced and afeared millions within the Axis—Stability, Peace, Liberty, and happier days. It may be objected that kings do not of necessity bring these along in their persons. May they not acquiescently merge into being the mere tool of the dictator? Even aspire to that condition themselves?

One monarch is in the hands of his dictator, yet does not Victor Emmanuel III seek to exercise a moderating influence whenever he can? Whether or not the head of the House of Savoy threatened to abdicate if the Duce mobilised for war last September, international perils are certainly not worsened by the Quirinal's still having a royal occupant. The army will back its king of historic name and has already made a cult of the Prince of Piedmont, likewise spoken of as being averse to perpetual blood and thunder for breakfast. I am not hinting that the Italian Army might not march by order of Mussolini: rather that professional armies sometimes have a way of conveying the need for moderation to would-be conquerors in a hurry, especially if their kings happen to be of that way of thinking.

Then, if young Prince Juan is called to the throne, one does not visualise him developing into a totalitarian puppet whose presence would only spur on a rabid and warlike nationalism. On the contrary, the main purpose of summoning this young man would be to try to weld Spain together: Juan the moderating symbol.

As for King George of Greece, rather has he become the principal force in running the country—if dictatorship exists, he is definitely not under it. And that brings us to a capital point. Kings *are* tending to insert themselves more into the rule of their countries. At least one is a dictator, a second looks to be set in that direction, a third probably could be vested with considerable personal powers if he chose. I refer respectively to King Carol, King Farouk, and King Leopold.

King Carol is in the van of the kingly renascence and by the time this appears may easily be on the way to becoming as brave a figure as was Albert of Belgium, by the latter's refusing to knuckle under to the bully twenty-five years ago. Kingly "guts" of that kind can command everything—was it not in good measure Albert's stand that conditioned Sir Edward Grey's ultimate attitude? Supposing Belgium had allowed herself to be overrun, as successor small states have to-day got into a way of bearing themselves—though, admittedly, Kaiser William was not in a position to threaten King Albert with the destruction of his capital. It does make a difference.

Did Carol stand up to Hitler at Berchtesgaden? They say so. Anyway, there was prompt dispatch of Rumania's own Nazis on the royal return to Bucharest, and that may be notched up against this independent, intelligent, go-ahead sovereign who is the leading Rumanian not only by title but by character, energy, and performance. King Carol played the leading role in the intervisiting of Europe's kings that followed Munich. One would love him to give up his 800,000 Magyar-born and save the rest of his rich and fair land, but it is so difficult now, after what happened to Czechoslovakia in return for her giving up her 3,000,000 Sudetens.

> **"Kingship Breathes Stability, whereas the one-man Dictator Shows are Dreadfully Uncertain and by all the Tokens of Time are Undestined to Project Themselves for very Long Beyond Their Creators"**

Not yet twenty, the King of Egypt is putting up a remarkable show. It is hard to believe that four years ago he was a shy and overgrown boy of fifteen learning English in a Wimbledon villa. Here he is now, married and with a family, big and lusty, and wildly applauded, particularly by young Egypt, wherever he goes. Farouk has vast ideas for modernising his country, for producing better nourishment, better roofs, for the abounding fellahin, and for combating omnipotent disease. He would develop strong fighting forces; if necessary, aspire to the Caliphat that Kemal stamped under. Farouk sees an Egypt brought back to active living. He will still be on the right side of fifty the day the Suez Canal is scheduled to become the sole property of his country. Enticing dream, if all goes well!

King Leopold is recognised as nothing less than Belgium's strong man. When in February he kept his entire Cabinet standing for an hour while he lectured them on the Maertens crisis, due to a slip-up with the royal signature, newspaper and political critics hinted that His Majesty harboured thoughts of a dictatorship on Fascist lines, with himself as Leader. Except that it would not be Fascist by a long chalk, enhancement of the royal authority in Belgium is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility.

Having inspired his country's foreign policy since his "neutrality" intervention of three years ago, King Leopold does want to turn as decisively to domestic affairs, for long deteriorating in the hands of parties and factions—Catholic, Socialist, Liberal, Conservative, Rexist, Fleming. It angers this sovereign, unsmiling and bleak-tempered, "serious far beyond his years and steeled in will power" (by personal tragedy), to see his country straddled by the question of what brand of language shall be spoken in this town and that. Why not get down to things that really do matter? Why not tackle the nation's economic position?

Ex-Foreign Minister Count Sforza divides kings in twain—snobs and gentlemen. There is no doubt in which camp King Leopold belongs. Cleverer, more energetic, less hidebound than was Albert I, the son differs in a further respect. He is a stickler for etiquette and demands that the greatest respect shall be paid at all times to the office of sovereign.

Turn next nearer home: who shall say that our own King has not been asserting himself, quietly yet effectively? His Majesty had first to live down a highly difficult inheritance, get himself sympathetically and familiarly known to the nation as a whole, after a severe shock to that nation's deeply engrained monarchical sentiments.

Long an expert on industrial Britain, the King entered the international field with his visit to President Lebrun. Later last year he was visited in London by no fewer than four kings and a regent, each able to call himself "cousin," and now His Majesty is off on a memorable journey as King of Canada, and during his travels he will stay at the White House—five generations after we burnt its forerunner to the ground.

One only hopes conceivable dire events may not postpone the journey. Even so, no one could say King George has not been pulling his weight, thereby promoting the general rise in kingly stock, a further fillip to which will be given by the Governor-Generalship of his brother in Australia during what may well be the Dominion's most dangerous and decisive span.

The march of anarchy makes nations draw round their royal rulers, such of these as survive. This is notably the case with the Netherlands where Queen Wilhelmina has at no time been closer to the Dutch people than she is forty-nine years after her girlhood arrival as head of the House of Orange. Many Dutch find it difficult to overlook entirely these treacherous times, that powers high in the land have German if not, indeed, Nazi origin; nearly all Dutch appreciate that the ruling dynasty has presided long over a little Holland safe and sound.

In more northern latitudes three kings hold fast. Kings Gustav, Haakon, and Frederick have reigned since the beginning of the century, and each to-day, aged eighty, seventy, and sixty respectively, remains as entrenched as ever he was in the esteem and life of his country. There was joyful manifestation of this when King Gustav reached eighty; tragic proof when all Norway mourned Queen Maud's passing last autumn. As for Denmark's king, he has just been democratically presiding over the exit of the native House of Peers. Internationally, these three kings have formed as good as a defensive alliance, and not without cause in view of Nazi eyes on Sweden's crucial ores, and upon the old Schleswig frontier in Jutland.

At the other extremity of Europe one has yet to mention the Kings of Yugoslavia and of Bulgaria. Regent Prince Paul has to carry on another three years before—at eighteen—King Peter reigns in Belgrade and, of course, most tricky years they are sure to be. For the moment local Fascism has

(*Continued on page* 122)

KING FAROUK: Four years ago he was a shy, overgrown boy. To-day he is a dominating personality with big ideas for modernising his land

KING ZOG: Albania's ruler shares with King Farouk an enthusiasm for rapid modernisation, but he has had a difficult course to steer

IN SURRENDERED MADRID

Activities in the Spanish Capital Following the Occupation

WHAT FRANCO'S MEN WOULD HAVE COME UP AGAINST if they had had to fight their way into Madrid. A fortress built across a road leading into the heart of the city. This picture, together with the others on this page, was taken in the city after Madrid's fall and the capitulation of all Republican Spain. They show some buildings damaged, others showing no outward evidence of harm

CHEERS FOR THE NEW REGIME: A group of citizens—largely women and children—giving the Nationalist salute on hearing the news of Madrid's surrender. In the background is a badly damaged apartment building

POLITICAL PARADOX: The red, gold and red flag of the Nationalists attached to the muzzle of a gun of Russian origin drawn up outside the Russian Embassy. Everyone in Madrid seems to give the Nationalist salute these days, and there is evidently hearty relief that the long-drawn-out struggle is over

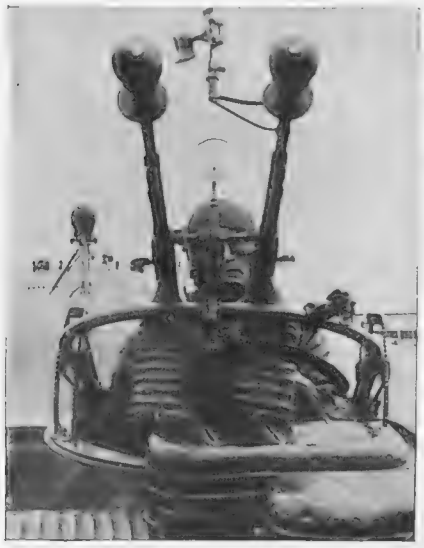
CHARGED WITH MAINTAINING PUBLIC SECURITY: Immediately Madrid surrendered, these Falangist supporters of Franco were, in accordance with long-laid plans, drafted into the city to take over all police duties

AS FRANCO'S TROOPS DROVE INTO THE CAPITAL members of the so-called fifth column of secret Nationalist supporters rushed out into the streets to acclaim them. *On right*—One of the first tasks of the Franco Government in Madrid has been to demolish the street fortifications. Taking advantage of a lunch-hour lull, children got hold of picks and shovels and attempted to help with the work

U.S.S.R.

The Growth of the Soviet Air Arm — Women Parachutists to the Fore

A NEW ADDITION TO THE SOVIET AIR FORCE: A close-up of the engine nacelles and one wing of the latest type of Russian bomber which is being manufactured within the Union in large quantities. The present size of the Russian Air Force is something of a mystery



A DOUBLE-BARRELLED MACHINE GUN in use in a Russian heavy bomber. The Soviet air-gunners are said to have gained considerable experience in Spain

ON LENINGRAD MILITARY AERODROME: One of the women parachutists of the Soviet Air Arm. What her work would be in war time is not entirely clear. Red Cross work is a possibility

A SQUAD OF WOMEN PARACHUTISTS lined up for a review on Leningrad military aerodrome. *On left*—A new type of Russian fighter plane. Ability to manœuvre is the keynote and a considerable degree of stability has been sacrificed

HOLLAND PREPARES

A FEW years ago there was a persistent rumour that Mr. Baldwin had concluded an arrangement with the Netherlands Government by which England could use Dutch flying-fields in time of war. The Dutch Foreign Minister properly denied the story and the Dutch newspapers ridiculed it; it was absurd and fantastic.

The rumour was not without significance. It pointed sharply to the changed strategical position of the Netherlands. You looked at the map and saw that Holland lay midway between the direct air-route Germany-England.

In a conflict between Germany and England, the avoidance by rival aircraft of the routes above Dutch territory is almost impossible. That in itself is bad enough; but would it end there? Would rival aircraft be content to fly *above* Dutch territory?

As things are at present that is doubtful. But any great Power covetous of the Dutch flying-fields would have to fight for them, and the question is whether the Dutch resistance would be such as to offset the advantages of ultimate possession.

FIVE DUTCH AIR FORCE UNITS FLYING IN FORMATION: Holland's air fleet continues to advance by leaps and bounds, and only last week it was announced that thirty-one two-engined, all-metal torpedo seaplanes had been ordered from the Fokker factory

The range of the latest type of bomber is a good deal more than that of the average bombing machine now in air force hangars, but it is still not enough to play any decisive part in a war between countries as distant from each other as England and Germany. A large part of Great Britain, and a larger part of Germany, must continue for some years to be outside the range of each other's bombers. By cutting down the load of bombs and carrying benzine instead, the range may be much increased; but the destructive effect is then seriously reduced.

By
ROY ELSTON

But supposing, in a war between England and Germany, one side or the other held Holland! From Amsterdam to Cologne is 199 km.; to Frankfort, 389 km.; to Hamburg, 402 km.; and to Berlin, 638 km.. From Amsterdam to London is 380 km.; to Manchester, 495 km.; and to Doncaster, 450 km.

In face of these awkward facts, what is the air policy of Holland? I have discussed the subject with leading authorities at The Hague and at Soesterberg, the central military aerodrome. Both The Hague and Soesterberg agree that Holland is in a peculiarly dangerous position and both insist that Dutch air strength will, in the near future, be adequate to reduce enemy air attack to a minimum of effectiveness and to harass seriously any accompanying land invasion.

According to Air Commandant-in-Chief Colonel Best, Holland's war strength is modest enough, but if the force should be composed of the latest types it would be pretty effective. Big orders have already been placed by the Government with the Koolhoven and Fokker works and include three types which are as good as anything produced anywhere.

I'll give one influential view put before me at The Hague, and another influential view put before me at Soesterberg.

The Hague: "The bomber versus fighter problem is not one that we are called upon to solve. Bombers we must have, though not in any large numbers. They constitute a threat of reprisal, and make it difficult for an enemy to mass his planes—or other arms for that matter—against the frontier. The fighter, on the other hand, cannot be so effective here as in countries with large distances, or separated from the potential enemy by sea.

"The bomber coming over Holland will be sighted, and the alarm given, too late for effective action against it by our fighters. Before the fighter can reach fighting height, the bomber is probably 100 kilometres away."

"In that case," I asked, "with what would you oppose the bomber?"

"With anti-aircraft artillery. The anti-aircraft gun must form a principal weapon for air defence in Holland, and in all small, Continental countries. Anti-aircraft artillery units should be placed in effective positions from frontier to frontier. The accuracy of the modern gun is improving rapidly, and experience in the Spanish war has shown how increasingly effective it is becoming against heavy aircraft."

It is a view widely shared; and for countries with small distances there is something in it. How far the view has penetrated at The Hague it is difficult, at this stage, to judge. One gathers that The Hague is still inclined to treat the air force as an intruder.

But the drab surroundings of the Air Chief's headquarters

A TEST FOR HOLLAND'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS as they fire in quick succession at low-flying machines attacking in formation. A picture taken at Soesterberg military aerodrome

In This Article a "Sphere" Correspondent Emphasises the Enthusiasm of the Dutch Air Arm at Soesterberg

are deceptive. Appearances count for nothing over here, and as for prestige, individual Dutch flyers are looking after that. At the big, grey building of the Defence Ministry in the Spuistraat, there is a sufficiently impressive dignity, of course, to cast a proper prestige upon all the defence services—fine, solid, eighteenth-century façade, wide, stuccoed corridors, nicely-fitting uniforms, the smell of good cigars, and a sergeant at the door to lead you up and down marble stairs.

THE MEDICAL TEST is a stiff hurdle for the young Dutchman wishing to qualify for service in the air force as every aspirant has to go through the caisson, a chamber in which conditions in the upper atmosphere are exactly reproduced. If there is any weakness it will surely be revealed

The atmosphere is different in Soesterberg. Soesterberg is the cradle of Dutch aviation; and the babe in the cradle is tumultuously alive. He can't get rattles enough. Here, in 1913, with one or two Farman machines, Dutch air pioneers laid the foundation of Holland's air might. As belligerent planes were forced down on Dutch territory during the war, the surviving flyers were interned and their machines were added to the strength at Soesterberg. At a time when up-to-date machines were not to be got at any price, these lucky windfalls were of incalculable value.

After the war, the growth of the Dutch Air Force went steadily ahead. The Dutch proved themselves to be as apt for the air as their forefathers had been for the sea. All that was wanting was a Government far-sighted enough to keep the new arm supplied with men and material of a quality and quantity adequate to reckon with attempted invasion. The present Government looks as if it intends, at long last, to supply that need. With what weapons?

Soesterberg: "It is all very well to say that our chief defensive weapon should be anti-aircraft artillery. What do you suppose would be the enemy's answer to that? Instead of flying in steady squadron formation, or in any other conventional formation, each individual machine would vary in height and speed from the other, and present the guns with such variations in target that the proportion of hits to misses would drop to a negligible figure."

A FLIGHT OF DUTCH MILITARY PLANES: Typical new additions to a force that is making rapid strides. The Fokker organisation in Amsterdam is contributing largely to this development

"Do you favour the fighting machines?"

"Up to a point; but it is quite true that our fighters would get the alarm too late to be in the air at an effective height before the attacking planes were well out of range."

All the same, Soesterberg obviously likes its fighters. It has two types of exceptional qualities, the two- or three-seater G.1, which can also do light bombing; and the single-seater D.21, which rises like a knife being thrown and manœuvres like the blade of a swordsman. The G.1 is probably the finest machine at Soesterberg. It is a beauty. I doubt if a finer attack plane has been produced in any country. Although twin-engined, and with accommodation for two or three men as well as armaments fore and aft and bombs up to 500 kg., it manœuvres with the ease and speed of a fighter half its weight. Maximum speed is 475 kilometres per hour.

I talked at Soesterberg with Lieut.-Colonel Zegers, second in command under Colonel van Heyst, who is one of Holland's most famous air pioneers. Colonel Zegers is responsible for a new departure in air defence policy, which has already been adopted to some extent by the Dutch authorities, and has found influential champions in England, Germany, France and the United States. It is the policy of the air-cruiser, which Colonel Zegers considers to be the ideal plane, especially for small countries. We have heard that the warning of approaching enemy craft reaches the fighters too late. The new idea is to patrol the air continuously with a type of cruising-plane with fighting qualities and capable of remaining in the air four to five hours. An example of the Dutch air-cruiser is the Fokker T.5. This is a twin-engined monoplane with a cruising speed of 345 km. per hour.

A DUTCH ANTI-AIRCRAFT UNIT at work on the military aerodrome at Soesterberg. The men in the centre are using a predictor for calculating the direction and speed of approaching planes

The T.5, standing out in the windy field of Soesterberg, with a group of enthusiastic cadets crowding around it, certainly looks a very useful machine. The G.1, wings spread, eyes gleaming from its hangar. The D.21 doing aerobatics a thousand metres up. Young Dutch flyers in their smart blue-grey uniforms.

There is nothing wrong with the *quality* of Holland's Air Force.

U.S.A.

America Foots a Giant Bill For Aerial Expansion—Her 6,000 Planes

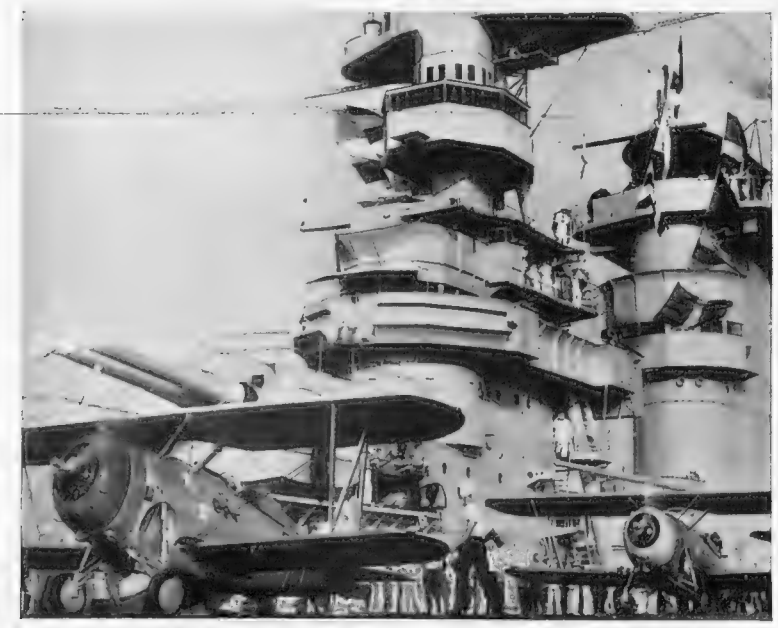
MASSED MIGHT: A squadron of U.S. bombers pictured as they warmed up on the concrete at San Diego before taking off on the last stage of a mass flight to the Panama Canal zone. America is spending vast sums on aerial rearmament, and only last week Mr. Roosevelt sanctioned the spending of another £71,000,000 to increase the number of army planes to 6,000 and to supplement the Panama defences

SPOTTING MADE EASY: Judging by the immense glass-enclosed area of this new American reconnaissance plane the observer's task is robbed of much of its difficulty

THE ALL-GLASS DUAL-CONTROL CABIN OF THE "HARVARD," the latest type of American machine to be purchased by this country for the intermediate and advanced training of pilots. The "Harvard" machines greatly impressed the British Air Mission which visited America last year. Two hundred of these machines were ordered

A RECRUIT TO THE R.C.N.: This young man, pictured beside a gun at His Majesty's Canadian Dockyard, Esquimalt, British Columbia, typifies the class of youngster now joining the Canadian Navy. For many years Canada's navy was made up of ships borrowed from the Admiralty and officers and ratings from the British Navy. Now Canada is building up a force of her own and the applications for enlistment far exceed the authorised strength. This recruit, by name Tom Wormworth, never saw the sea until he joined up. He was born in Saskatchewan and raised on the prairies, his father being of Pennsylvanian Dutch descent and his mother a Lancashire-born woman

THE BELOVED ENVOY: The ashes of Hirosi Saito, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, being carried up the gangway of the U.S. heavy cruiser *Astoria* which took them to their last resting place in Japan. Despite the strong feeling that arose between Tokyo and Washington following the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, Ambassador Saito still remained a popular figure in America, impressing everyone by his dignity and charm



A RARE CLOSE-UP of the superstructure of the big U.S. aircraft-carrier *Lexington*. Such detailed views are very seldom allowed to pass the naval censor

A ROYAL MISSION BEFORE HER: The battle-cruiser *Repulse*, which will take the King and Queen on their forthcoming State visit to Canada. In the following article Lieut.-Commander Edwards describes how the ship has been altered for the occasion

THE ROYAL JOURNEY TO CANADA:

How the "Repulse" has been Fitted Out for the Voyage

THE two British battle-cruisers H.M.S. *Renown* and H.M.S. *Repulse* have both earned the title of "Royal ships." Each of them has carried British Royalty many thousands of miles on Royal tours. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth went to Australia in H.M.S. *Renown*, but they have not been to sea in H.M.S. *Repulse*. H.M.S. *Renown* might well have been chosen to carry Their Majesties on their visit to Canada and the United States were it not for the fact that that ship is at present undergoing large-scale reconstruction.

So the choice fell upon H.M.S. *Repulse*, and a beautiful ship she is. She is not in her first youth, for she began her service in August, 1916. Since then, however, she has been extensively altered and refitted, and was almost completely reconstructed only a few years ago. To the seaman, H.M.S. *Repulse* has better lines than most capital ships. Her long and slightly sloping forecastle gives her a look of immense power and speed, and her towering upper works and two funnels add to this feeling of power.

When Their Majesties first decided to cross the Atlantic in one of the ships of the Royal Navy, they made it clear that they did not wish preparations for their voyage to interfere more than was absolutely necessary with the ordinary administrative routine of the Navy. Fortunately, H.M.S. *Repulse* was already due for a short refit in Portsmouth dockyard—a refit which was temporarily postponed during the crisis of last September. It was inevitable that some alterations should be made to the ship to enable her to carry the Royal party, and it was convenient that these alterations should be made during this refit. Moreover, some of the alterations required to fit her to carry the Royal party to the New World were alterations which had got to be carried out in any case. Thus everything has been arranged with the maximum of economy and convenience, and in accordance with the King's wish that the ship shall not suffer large alterations interfering with her fighting efficiency, and yet H.M.S. *Repulse* will be in every way a fit vessel to carry the King and Queen of England on their first visit to the New World.

The alterations being made to the *Repulse* entail the removal of seven guns. This sounds as if it would interfere seriously with the fighting efficiency of the ship. Actually, this is not so. The seven guns were mounted in three mountings. Two of these mountings, each of which housed two anti-aircraft guns, were only fitted in the ship for experimental trials, which have now been carried out. These mountings were to be removed in any case during the present refit, and if, after the Royal tour, she is given other anti-aircraft guns in their place, they will be of a type better suited to the ship. The other three guns which have been removed were 4-in. guns, mounted in a single mounting aft. They formed part of the secondary armament of the ship and their removal has, of course, impaired her fighting efficiency to a small extent. The guns and mounting, however, are being kept ready at Portsmouth and can be reinstalled in a very short time.

The accommodation for the Royal party is being arranged with the minimum of interference with other factors. The King is to occupy what is normally the captain's cabins. These are in the after-superstructure, immediately above the fore end of the quarter-deck. They consist of a day cabin, a sleeping cabin, and a dining cabin. There was also a captain's spare cabin, which is to become the Queen's sleeping cabin.

All these cabins are remaining substantially the same as they were designed by Captain Godfrey, the new Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, who was commanding H.M.S. *Repulse* at the end of her reconstruction. They all have indirect lighting. The only structural alteration is in what is to be the King's day cabin.

On each side of the forecastle deck abreast the after-superstructure there have been built a series of cabins. These will be the cabins of the King's private secretary and the ladies-in-waiting. Other cabins within the body of the ship are being provided for the ladies' maids, valets, and stewards. Most of these cabins are being built in without involving any extensive alterations, and some of the officers' cabins are also being made available. This is possible because H.M.S. *Repulse* normally has a greater cabin accommodation than is required by her usual complement of officers. The captain of H.M.S. *Repulse*, whose normal suite of cabins is being devoted to the King and Queen, will live in his sea-cabin under the bridge.

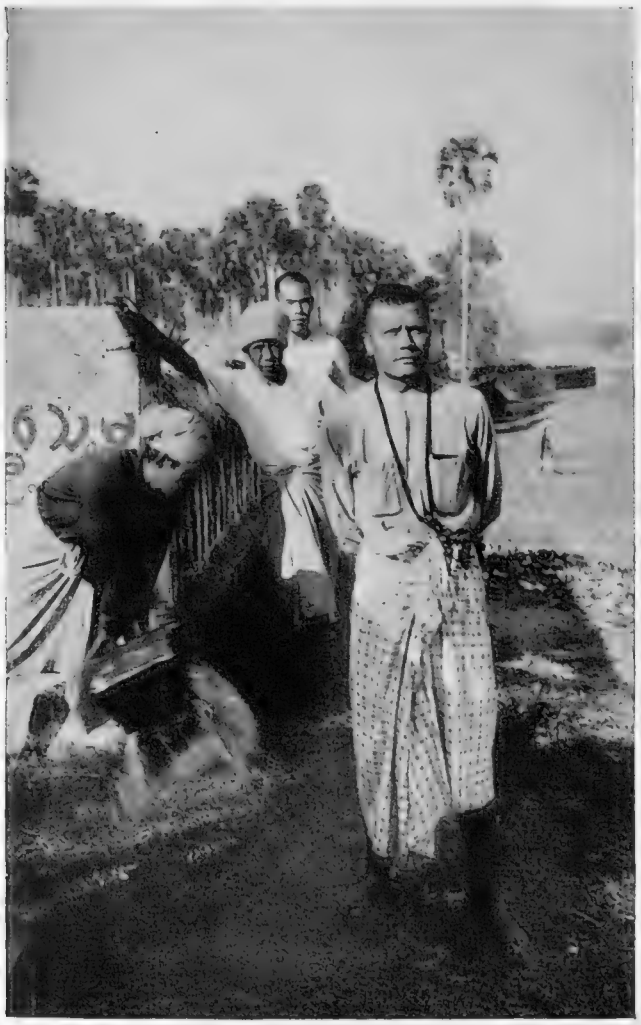
Above the King's day cabin, and looking aft over the quarter-deck, is a deck space which is being turned into a sun deck for the Royal party. Officially it is to be known as the "tea deck," for arrangements have been made for the serving of tea on this deck. The foremost end of this "tea deck" has been glassed in as a protection against the weather, and almost the whole of it is covered by a specially built canopy.

(Continued on page 122)

BURMA'S GROWING PAINS:

The Troops Intervene in Mandalay: Where Youth Inclines Towards Communism: A Hunger March on Rangoon

THE PENALTY OF DEFIANCE: The long procession of mourners passing through the streets of Mandalay, Upper Burma's capital, during the funeral of fifteen of their fellow citizens who had to be shot down by men of the Burma Rifles for refusal to disperse during a hostile demonstration. There has been rioting throughout Burma ever since July, 1938, and it is evident that the country, which now has a wide measure of self-government, is suffering severely from growing pains. The unsatisfactory conditions of land tenure, the presence of large numbers of Indian wage-earners, and a powerful, Communistic youth movement are the root-causes of the trouble according to the Burma Government's Riot Inquiry Committee. On February 20 last the opposition leaders were asked to take over the administration

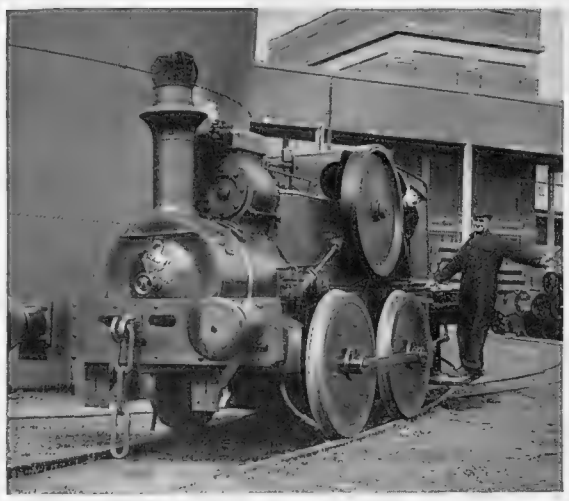


A DOMINATING FIGURE: This is Ahlawaka Thakin Po Hla Gyi, the Communist leader who has done so much to stir up trouble in the Burma oilfields and who recently led a hunger march on Rangoon. In common with the rest of his followers he was ordered to help clean out the water-tanks of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda

THROUGH THE STREETS OF MANDALAY passes the coffin of a student killed during the recent rioting. Adorning the pall is the hammer and sickle sign, evidencing the Communistic outlook of Burmese youth. According to the Government report on the situation, Burma's students are eager followers of the "Thakin" Communist organisation which has done much to incite them to riot

On right—

WORK FOR IDLE HANDS: These youths hunger-marched into Rangoon from the Burma oilfields, so in order to keep them quiet the priests ordered them to empty the water-tanks of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and then clean them out



TIME MARCHES ON and this locomotive at Erith Oil Works insists on marching with it. The engine was built in 1896 and since then has been in daily service

NEW SWIMMING BATHS AT ELTHAM: This handsome modern building has just been completed by Woolwich Borough Council, and on April 1 it was opened by the Mayor, Councillor T. Watt, J.P. The total cost is £75,000 and the Council carried out the constructional work themselves by direct labour

THE HIVE OF SCIENCE

Travel by Ship, Train, Car, or Aeroplane and You can Safely Wager that Your Comfort, Speed, and Safety Have Evolved from Tests Carried Out at the National Physical Laboratory

By NOEL THOMPSON

IS your mind big enough to contemplate weight measured to a fraction of a gramme, accurate to six decimal places, or can you visualise a millionth part of an inch? Well, be prepared.

As I walked the few yards from Teddington Station to the National Physical Laboratory down Park Lane a jingle came into my mind about Park Lane, W.1. "Sometimes terrific, often soporific."

As I walked away down Park Lane (Teddington), after a three-hour tour of only part of the National Physical Laboratory, the jingle had switched to, "Always scientific, and terribly prolific." For there is hardly a part of our daily life which has not benefited and will not benefit in the future through the energy of the scientists working there in Teddington.

Travel by ship, train, motor car or aeroplane and you can safely wager that your comfort, speed and safety have evolved from tests at Teddington. Your clothes, your food, your wireless, your house, your electric light, your furniture, oh! and a dozen other primary things in life owe much of their evolution to this tucked-away 50 acres in Teddington. But how did it start? In 1887 Germany set up a laboratory to co-ordinate science with industry; science must help to solve the problems industry faced.

The British Association and the Royal Society put up a plea to the British Government for a similar establishment in this country, and in 1901, in one small building at Teddington, it started. Thirty men were then employed. Now there are 700 men and twenty buildings; and masses of unique scientific equipment, whose use is international, are tucked away in the buildings.

You, madam, may slip a thermometer between your husband's lips when he thinks he has influenza coming on. You never question the reading. You take it as accurate. The National Physical Laboratory examine, test and pass 40,000 of these thermometers a month, or roughly 500,000 a year. And every one is tested with exact care. So you are right.

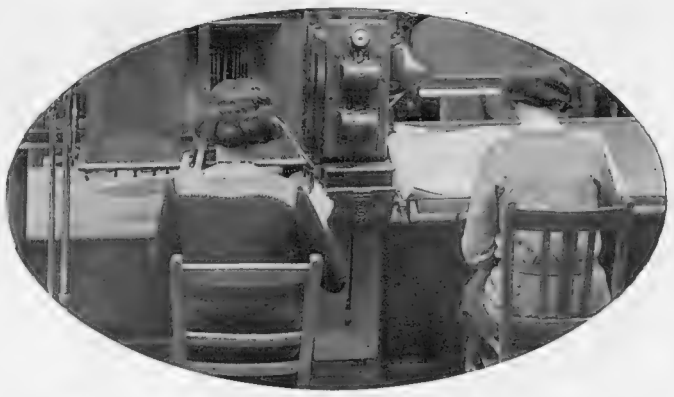
That is, however, a comparatively trivial affair as regards accuracy. Makers take a keen interest in preparing watches to secure a high place in the year's list of the chronometer-testing section—and, incidentally, all taximeters in the Metropolis are tested under their guidance yearly in China Walk, Lambeth. All this comes under the Metrology Department, who are also responsible for the maintenance of accurate standards of length, for periodic inter-comparisons, according to statute, of the British standards of length and mass, and for agreement as to metric standards with the International Bureau of Weights and Measures at Sèvres. And here I stumbled upon a news story. Future of measurements may be made in wavelengths of light as a standard of length. All material length standards are liable to contract or expand.

I saw an astonishingly complicated instrument for measuring in wavelengths of light, but it was far beyond my brain, and I was glad to find that I am no exception. Only a handful of experts can understand it. But its accuracy will be invariable. So far I have touched only on the fringes of these amazing laboratories, which come under the Department for Scientific and Industrial Research.

While it is a Government department, associations representing almost every industry in the country employ its services. If special research has to be made there is a fee. If the problem can be answered by tests already made nothing is charged. But the fees seem to me, as a layman, amazingly cheap. Take this, for instance, and it seems to me a clear instance of how no attempt is made to make a profit. The scientific tests of a model ship in the tank, including the building of the model, testing of various propellers, and everything to a thousandth degree of accuracy, costs between £150 and £200. Compare that with the cost of a £1,000,000 liner, or even a £10,000 speed boat, or a £1,000 barge, and the proportion is ridiculous.

"Such a test," I was told, "may save as much as 30 per cent. on fuel consumption. With an accurate design probably we can save 2 or 3 per cent., but taking an average of 10 per cent., a few years ago this would have amounted, according to official figures, to a saving in fuel for British ships of £4,500,000 a year."

I inspected the Yarrow tank, 550 ft. in length and with an average depth of 12½ ft., which means 1,250,000 gallons of water, and the New tank, longer but shallower, with 750,000 gallons. Perfect scale models of hulls are made of 90 per cent. paraffin wax and 10 per cent. of beeswax, and with absolute accuracy their behaviour at any speed, in any sea, can be tested. I saw lead weights to the exact comparative displacement of the completed ship being placed in the hulls. It is beyond my power to name the number of tests made of resistance, displacement, behaviour, etc., but each produces exactly measured results.



TESTING CLINICAL THERMOMETERS: Just one example of the work done at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington

Round the walls are masses of propellers of every type and design, small models which are numbered and whose exact driving power is known at any angle. Suffice it that the slightest variation in pitch, shape, size or angle means a similar loss or increase in speed, vibration and comfort. It was rather comforting to find that to keep the tanks clean and prevent fouling, the humble fish has to be relied on. In one tank are carp and goldfish, in the other about a dozen eels. The eels are so tame, after being fed regularly, that if you dip your finger in the water above one the eel will rise to the surface. I disbelieved this until my guide did so, and a somnolent eel, about 2 ft. in length, rose to the top and licked the finger he dangled in the water!

But I am lingering too long on one angle. Next I see the 50-metre bench which will measure steel wires and tapes used for surveying to one part in a million, and in a neighbouring room instruments which will measure anything from a gramme to 10 kilos. to six significant figures. These delicate instruments, encased in glass, are so sensitive that the heat of your body would throw them out of tune if you stood near to watch the weighing.

So 10 ft. away across the room you can read magnified on a tape before you the exact weight. I felt that if I placed one of my few remaining hairs on these particular scales, I should break them beyond repair. And so to the electricity department where I refrain from interrupting an experiment but see the dynamos which can produce up to 1,500,000 volts A.C.

They can take a photograph of a 1,000,000-volt flash there. Nearby is the acoustic section. Here I find rooms which are completely separated by 18 ins. of air from the outer wall, a room within a room, and the inner room can be jacked up at will. Here the sound absorbent property of various materials can be tested to a fraction in accuracy. Probably the silence of your flat, so much more vulnerable to noise than the older brick houses, as I learned, is due to tests made here with various materials; and as for cinema acoustics, these tests and their results are vital.

THE YARROW TANK AT TEDDINGTON where ship models can be tested in any given sea conditions. It is 550 ft. in length

It is impossible to deal with all the branches; the aerodynamics section, with its ten wind tunnels (four new ones are being built) to try out every stress and strain of model aeroplane designs; the metallurgical, the engineering, the optical, the glass section, the radio (very important) and half a dozen other branches.

Director of the laboratory is now Dr. C. G. Darwin, a grandson of the great Charles Darwin. It seems strange, but it is true, that the National Physical Laboratory is controlled by the Privy Council, but it is so, and the Lord President of the Council is "the boss." As I walked away down narrow Park Lane (Teddington) an aeroplane droned overhead. It reminded me of one of the latest achievements of the laboratory, the discovery and work on a new metal alloy stronger and lighter than aluminium alloy. It is going to be of great importance in peace — or war.

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WORLD TO-DAY: A Gallery of Varied Types

MEN OF STEEL:
Three of the hundreds of steel constructors working on the Grand Coulee Dam, that vast undertaking that will bring increased electrical power to north-west America

DEEP-SEA DIVER:
His is an exacting profession and even more precarious than that of the fireman or the dam-builder. As he descends to the ocean bed he must be prepared for all emergencies

THE SWISS FARMER: Five years ago one might have envied him his quiet life, but to-day he lives too close to the affairs of a harassed Europe, with all its alarms and excursions. *On left*—The lobster fishermen of Heligoland, Germany's fortified North Sea isle

THE "YANKEE CLIPPER" ARRIVES :

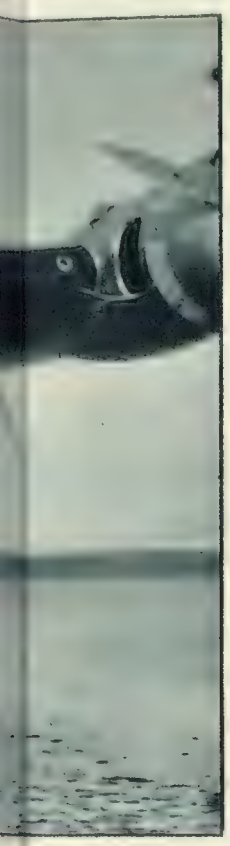
The Giant American Flyi
Southampton after a Su
Flight on the Southerly

SAFELY ON HER MOORINGS : The 37-ton American flying boat seen on arrival at Biscarosse, near Bordeaux, after completing one of the final stages in her great survey flight from Baltimore, U.S.A., to Foynes, Ireland. The purpose of the flight was to make a complete inspection of the landing places that are to be used on the southern route across the Atlantic when in the near future a regular winter service will summer, when the ice has cleared from the America, the flying boats will use the short

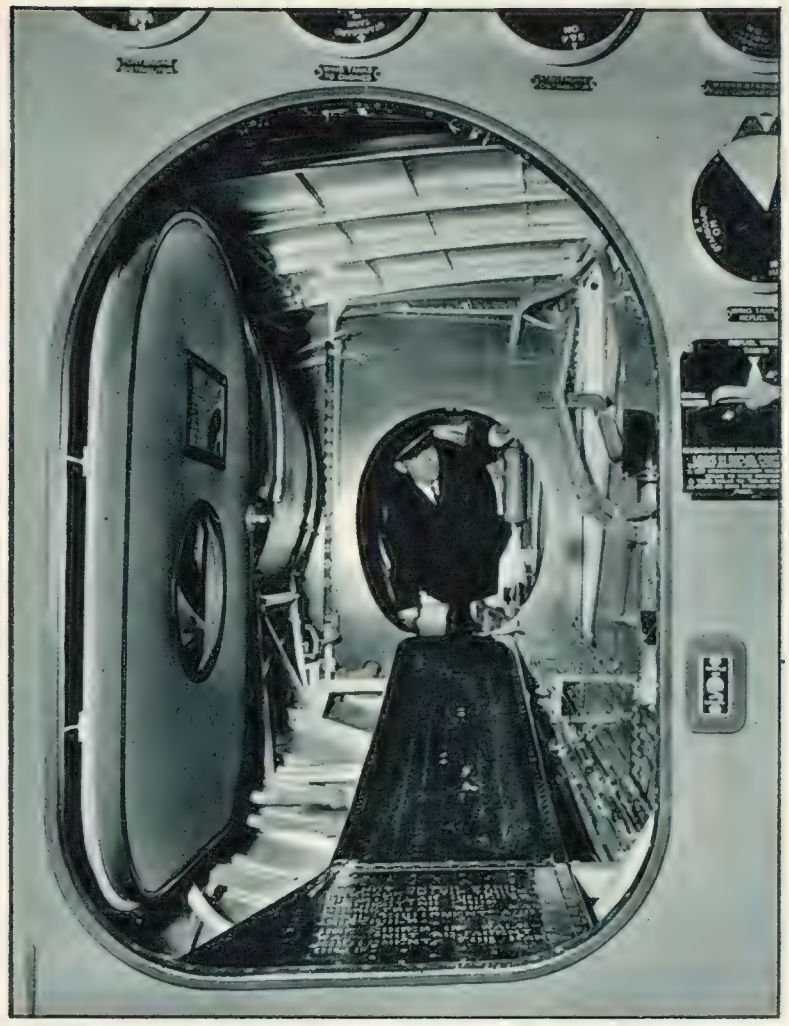
LOOKING AFT FROM THE CONTROL ROOM towards the passenger quarters which an air hostess is seen preparing for the night. The *Yankee Clipper* can actually sleep forty passengers

On right—**THE MONSTER GLIDES TO REST :** The *Yankee Clipper* seen as she made a perfect landing at Southampton on the penultimate stage of her trip from Baltimore. She had to come down in the face of a stiff south-westerly wind and surprised the spectators by the wonderful smoothness of her performance

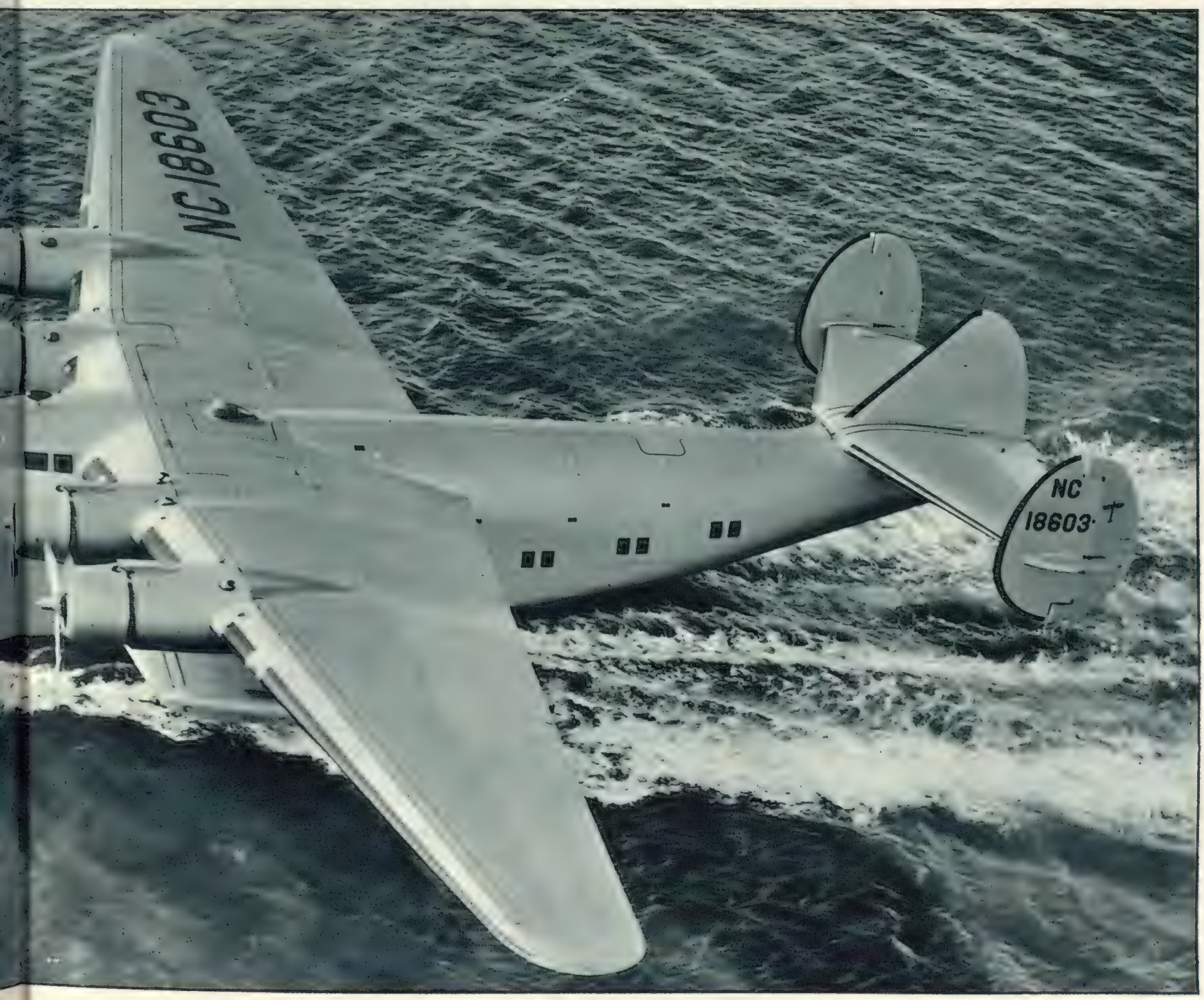
lying Boat Reaches Successful Survey rly Atlantic Route



e will be run. During the m the harbours of North short route from Foynes

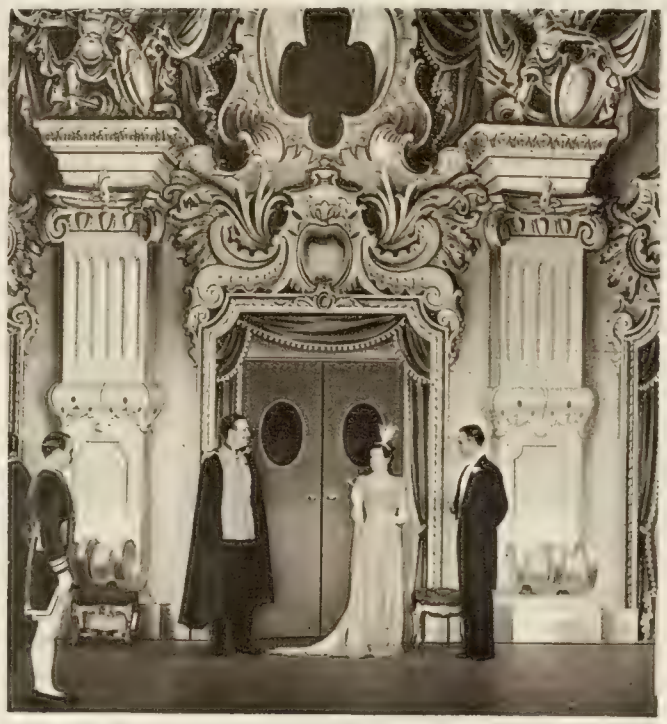


TO KEEP HER STEADY a sea draug was attached to each of the wings of the *Yankee Clipper* when she landed at Southampton. *On right*—Engineer Comish passing along the catwalk in the left wing



THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE: *Left*—Rudi (Ivor Novello) has been shut out of his room for non-payment of rent, but he gets in again with the help of Grete (Roma Beaumont). *Right*—Rudi plays his waltz to actress Maria Ziegler (Mary Ellis), and she starts him on his way to fame. Two episodes from Mr. Novello's latest success, *The Dancing Years*, which bids fair to keep Drury Lane filled for a long while to come. The author's tuneful waltz songs are brilliantly rendered by Miss Ellis

OTHERWISE ENGAGED: Maria Ziegler (Mary Ellis) refuses to marry Prince Metterling (Anthony Nicholls) as she has just fallen in love with Rudi. Another episode in *The Dancing Years*



ESSENCE OF THE BAROQUE: Franzel (Peter Graves), Countess Lotte (Frances Clare) and Prince Metterling (Anthony Nicholls) outside one of the Grand Tier boxes at the Theater an der Wien; one of the scenes in the 1911 period of Ivor Novello's new show

Drawn by Percy Home

THE GARDEN OF THE INN OUTSIDE VIENNA: This is the setting devised by Joseph Carl for the first scene after the prologue in *The Dancing Years*. The scene is dimly lit at first, a night watchman extinguishing the inn lamp as the dawn light increases, revealing a background of hills and distant city. Rudi is seated at the piano, and Maria (Miss Mary Ellis) sings his latest tuneful effort, "Waltz of My Heart," the officers and ladies on the right taking up the refrain

How the Theatre Reacts to

A Subject that is at Present Arousing Following the Production of "Heaven

THE question as to whether the public does or does not like plays about drab rooms and their shabby occupants seems to have bobbed up again as a somewhat fierce argument in theatrical circles, owing largely to the production of *Heaven and Charing Cross* at the St. Martin's. For this, though not at all bad as a play and on the whole very well acted indeed, is undoubtedly both mean and shabby in flavour.

I had something to say on this point when dealing with that play last week, my own point being that, with certain important reservations, there is no keenness on the part of those who live in drab rooms to pay to see them reproduced on the stage of a theatre. Those who are fortunate enough not to live in such rooms are probably not any more keen, to put it mildly. An eminent film critic with whom I discussed the matter declared that people who have to live—let us say—economically, don't go to the theatre anyway; he has for long been convinced that the theatre is exclusively the haunt of the rich and of very old people (also rich).

An equally distinguished dramatic critic has now publicly plunged into the fray. He finds my point of view "an example of ineptitude," though there is no personal animosity here, since he took the aforesaid plunge before what I wrote was published.

What, then, is the truth? We can rule out works of genius, whether in fiction or dramatic literature. Charles Dickens, and lesser men (though of distinction), such as Arthur Morrison, with his *Tales of Mean Streets*, are not neglected because they do happen to deal with mean streets.

Ibsen can be pretty drab (though he is middle-class rather than lower-middle-class) but is none the less a genius. I find Bottom the weaver, Snug, and the rest of that shabby gang in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* rather trying, not because they are shabby, but because they are so desperately unfunny, Shakespeare's genius here burning rather low.

I could give a longish list of modern plays about poverty, hunger and dirt which have been successes because they have been *good* plays and for that reason only. The shabby surroundings have been not more than incidental.

There is, however, a sort of inverted snobbery nowadays, chiefly among the self-appointed *intelligentsia*, which is inclined to ordain that no play can have any merit unless it is drab and about poverty or near-poverty. That is all nonsense. My experience is that if a play is about poor people it is, nine times out of ten, a poor play. This is not, of course, a case of cause and effect; it just seems to happen that way. My aforementioned critical friend indicates that at any rate it is better to have plays situated in suburban back streets than, as happened in most of the Edwardian comedies and dramas, plays smothered with butlers and footmen. I don't agree. I consider inverted snobbery just as bad as real snobbery and in some respects worse.

Take two plays whose merits, or demerits, are *exactly equal*. I would sooner see—and I swear I am no snob—the one in which decorative furniture is used, in which the women wear beautiful dresses and the men well-cut clothes, than the one in which everyone has to put on some Cockney drawl (often it is a dialect unknown on earth and probably unknown in Heaven) in an atmosphere of patched trousers, rickety chairs, cracked windows, and visits to the pawnshop.

Actor-Playwrights.—Mr. Stephen Haggard, who has recently been playing the artist, Dubedat, in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and who specialises as nervous highly-strung youths, has written a play. It is called, for the time being at any rate, *Weep for the Spring*. Since it seems to be considered a somewhat remarkable thing in this case for an actor to write a play, one may perhaps call to mind the fact that an actor called William Shakespeare wrote quite a number of plays. Sir Seymour Hicks has written five more plays than Shakespeare did. Pinero was in the earlier part of his career an actor (and from all accounts a rather poor one). Gerald du Maurier and Viola Tree wrote a play together.

Mr. George Bancroft (son of the late Sir Squire) whose most readable volume of memoirs I have just been enjoying, was an actor before he was called to the Bar, and he wrote *The Ware Case*. Mr. Ben Travers sometimes acts in his own plays, as do Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Ivor Novello, and Mr. Arthur Macrae is now playing an important part in *Sugar Plum*, his successful farce at the Criterion. Mr. Robert Morley, actor, wrote *Goodness, How Sad*, which has had a long run at the Vaudeville. And this does not pretend to be a complete list.

Marie Antoinette and Paris.—I was in Paris for a couple of days last week, and by way of a sort of Holy Week penance I went to see the *Marie Antoinette* film, which had already bored and exasperated me in London. It was difficult, while watching that expensive mixture of vulgarity and historical inaccuracy, not to muse on the way fate has remorselessly pursued, nearly 150 years after her death, that

GOER DRAB SETTINGS

a Fierce Argument in Stage Circles and Charing Cross" at the St. Martin's

unfortunate queen in the very city in which she triumphed—and suffered. And I saw on the screen that Hollywood guillotine not a quarter of a mile from the spot on which the real one had stood.

"Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (Leicester Square).—Meanwhile, the crop of new films in London is, on the whole, pretty good. The best of them is *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* (though "Three grown-up girls get smart" would have been a more appropriate title). Its chief virtue is that it has in the cast Miss Deanna Durbin. I wish she could have been given more, and better, stuff to sing. But in this sequel to her first and semi-schoolgirl debut she has plenty of chances to show what she can do as a still rather *gauche* maiden in her first party frock. She can, in some extraordinary way, be *gauche* and graceful at the same time, which sounds mutually contradictory, but is not.

On STAGE and SCREEN *Reviewed By* PHILIP PAGE

The story is slight and not marked by any great originality, being mostly squabbles between Miss Durbin and her two film sisters, Miss Helen Parrish and Miss Nan Grey; but it serves well enough and is likely to be popular. Mr. Ernest Croissart as a butler and Mr. Robert Cummings as a purveyor of love interest up to a point, put in good work. But males are rather out of it in this picture.

"Inspector Hornleigh" (New Gallery).—It is fairly safe to say that it is never a waste of time to visit any play or film with Mr. Gordon Harker in it. *Inspector Hornleigh* is a good, sound yarn of the detective type, and in this picture it is the females who are out of it. The thieving is in about as exalted a sphere as possible—there's nothing like stealing the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget bag with all its precious secrets while the Chancellor is having his tea. Mr. Harker "detects" with his usual and most lovable brand of dour humour. Mr. Ronald Adam, as the Chancellor's secretary, puts up a particularly good performance, as does Mr. Alastair Sim, as the inspector's secretary or assistant or whatever it is. Crooks and excitement abound.

"Made for Each Other" (Pavilion).—Few people who enjoyed Miss Carole Lombard's highly sophisticated humour and attractive subtlety in that first-rate farce *Nothing Sacred*

MARIA ZIEGLER IS NOT SO PLEASED as Rudi welcomes his little protégé, Grete, back to Vienna. Mary Ellis, Ivor Novello, and Roma Beaumont in *The Dancing Years*. Miss Beaumont's performance is really outstanding

GRETE AND FRANZEL DISCOVER THAT THEY LOVE EACH OTHER: Roma Beaumont and Peter Graves in Mr. Novello's show of gaiety and sentiment. Most of the settings are in Vienna and the period covered is from 1911 to 1938

THE VIENNA OF NAPOLEONIC DAYS is brilliantly conjured up at the period fête in the Belvedere Gardens where everyone appears in the costumes of the early nineteenth century. Ivor Novello is seen on right in the foreground

IN THE CAVALCADE MANNER: In her old age Maria Ziegler, now Princess Metterling (Mary Ellis), brings a free pardon to her old lover, Rudi (Ivor Novello), who is in danger of execution because he aids his distressed countrymen

BLONDE LOVELINESS: This is Isa Miranda, who co-stars with Ray Milland in *Hotel Imperial*, the Easter attraction at the Plaza, Lower Regent St.

—the story was in the worst possible taste but its fun was irresistible—are likely to forget it. She was, it will be recalled, supposed to be suffering from an incurable internal complaint and it was not for some time that it was realised that the whole thing was a gigantic leg-pull.

Miss Lombard is even better in *Made for Each Other*, which is not a leg-pull but a very serious story indeed. I am rather tired of tears being pumped out of an audience by means of a dying baby; I believe even Mr. George Robey could make an audience cry in dead earnest with such a "prop." None the less, there is a dying baby in the film, with such additional excitements as vitally necessary medicine running short, an aeroplane flying through a blinding blizzard in order to get it, and other familiar ingredients; and that babe gives Miss Lombard scope for some splendid emotional acting.

The story is mainly of a young couple quarrelling and being generally miserable over domestic difficulties.

UNDERTONES OF WAR: Valerie Hobson plays the lead in Paramount's Denham-produced picture *The Silent Battle*, which will be seen at the Plaza this week. Based on a prize-winning French novel, the film has been brought into line with more recent events in Europe and deals with a crisis in which peace is threatened by the possibility of an outbreak of hostilities between two Balkan countries

Spring Parade . . .

A lambing-time study from the beautiful Lyth Valley, near Windermere, where a spell of mild weather came just at the right moment

Branding Time . . .

Every year people claiming grazing rights at Burnham Beeches are called on by proclamation to bring their animals to the Pound at East Burnham, where they are duly branded

Feeling Runs High in New York: Demonstrating Against the Disruption of Czechoslovakia

WITH APPLAUDING SPECTATORS lining the route, 50,000 New Yorkers, carrying big banners and numberless small flags, recently marched through the city in a "Stop Hitler" parade sponsored by the American Council to Combat Nazi Invasion. The parade took place immediately following Hitler's disruption of Czechoslovakia, and among the marching hosts was golden-haired Vera Hruba (*inset on left*), the Czech skating champion, who happened to be in New York at the time. She is now without a country and it is reported that she has failed in an attempt to take up residence in Canada. The Dominion has very rigid immigration laws

FROM THE FORTY-THIRD FLOOR OF A MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER the camera looks across the East River to the buildings of the World's Fair which stand out in startling whiteness in the far distance. *On left*—Work is already well advanced on the demolition of the famous Sixth Avenue elevated railway, the disappearance of which will bring a new lightness to the heart of the city

NOT SO GOOD THIS MORNING: Meng, the London Zoo's baby gorilla, puts out his tongue. After six months at the Zoo he has doubled his weight, but he has a long way to go yet before he attains the massive poundage of the full-grown gorilla

MENG SHOWS HIS PACES WITH THE BAR-BELLS: *Above and below*—These two pictures reveal what a wonderful specimen he is becoming, but it will be a pity when he outgrows all his baby ways

MENG IS GROWING UP:

New Impressions of a Zoo Baby

MERCILESS PROSE:

Martha Dodd's Strong Views on Nazi Germany

MISS MARTHA DODD spent four years, from 1933 to 1937, in Germany and most of it in Berlin, since her father was at that time American ambassador there. When she left Chicago with the rest of her family for their new life she was expectant, open-minded, eager to learn the language and ways of a people for whom she felt only interest and sympathy. "To show how unconscious I was of the political implications and significance of the Nazi regime, I do not remember any of us being especially disturbed at the thought of living under a dictatorship." Those four years were to teach them all in bitter experience, sometimes in actual fear, just what such a life could mean.

MY YEARS IN GERMANY (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) has many virtues; Miss Dodd writes, not as some authors of reminiscences, in a gently contemplative mood, but in a white heat of indignation, a whirl of enthusiasm, or a flashing moment of penetration. And she is frank—Heavens, how frank she is! I can almost imagine her, as she first took up her pen to write this book, making a resolution that her opinions of people should be as crisp and uncompromising in print as they habitually were in conversation.

The WORLD OF BOOKS *Reviewed by* VERNON FANE

Miss Dodd has her views and Miss Dodd expresses them, perhaps not quite calmly but at any rate with great determination. On the subject of Göring, whose vanity is so well known to the world at large, Miss Dodd makes charges of the gravest nature.

Her description of his relentless policy towards his rivals could not be franker.

Goebbels is dealt with in the same fashion, and of von Ribbentrop Miss Dodd writes that he is "a snob, a Nazi, and an extremist. With an inordinate ambition and a pomposity and self-esteem rarely seen so openly proclaimed among Nazis, he bears the mark of acquired wealth upon him, and the brand of a man lost in confusion, seeking his way through the Nazi way of life in conceit and self-consciousness. With no intellectual ability whatsoever . . ." but with several less popular attributes, Miss Dodd sketches in the portrait of a man who was all too recently concerned with Anglo-German relations.

Briefly, Miss Dodd went to Germany disposed to consider the claims of the Nazi doctrine, and was so effectively appalled by the cynicism and brutality of what she saw there, that she returned to her native country with a strong Left reaction.

There is, even in her descriptions of the Parks of Culture and Rest which she observed in her brief tour of the U.S.S.R., that familiar yearning note which one has observed in the writings of one's younger Communist friends.

For the purposes of this book, however, her reactions to the German system are all that is necessary to rouse one's interest, if one excepts her opinion of diplomatic life in a foreign city. Miss Dodd took a poor view of curtseys to Crown Princesses and ambassadorial tea-parties. Her friends for the most part were among the corps of brilliant newspaper correspondents, American and English, who were in Berlin at that time. Walter Duranty ("Walter is a great prophet"), Vernon Bartlett, who seems to have disconcerted her by being at the same time English and unaffected, Knickerbocker, Norman Ebbutt, Quentin Reynolds and Victor Bodker are a few of the people who were more than names to Miss Dodd.

One of her talents, even more than her forthrightness, seems to have been her genius for making acquaintances into friends, and even in the ranks of Nazi officialdom she had her favourites with whom she would occasionally dine in the interests of impartiality.

You may resent or be amused, as I was, by some of the writer's more fervid proclamations; she lets herself rip about Chamberlain and Daladier, and her views on the English in general are period pieces of the "J'ecrirai-une-lettre-au-Times" school, but she has written by far the liveliest book of the week and one that should get her a high place in Herr Rosenberg's black list.

Towards the end of his life Victor Hugo wrote two lines which were an expression of his own disillusion:

"Je me suis étonné d'être un objet de haine,
Ayant beaucoup souffert et beaucoup travaillé."

They were not an exact summing up, either of his achievements or of his sorrows, but what man of poetry has ever cared for such detail? At that time he had been an exile from France for nineteen years, had lost one beloved daughter, seen another lose her reason, and was soon to face the death of a third child in brilliant maturity. At the fall of his old enemy, Louis Napoleon, he returned to Paris, expecting to be acclaimed and to be made a member of the provisional government. The applause had been his, although it came disconcertingly from the wrong quarter, but there had been no other move to repay him for his years of exile and he was, to quote his biographer, "a mortally disappointed man."

M. Leon Daudet, in THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), has accomplished a very notable piece of work: he has presented a famous and flamboyant figure as an object for our pity as well as our admiration, and he has succeeded, almost against the reader's better judgment, in making him feel compassion for a man who from his youth had known great literary success, had been rich and much loved.

Victor Hugo was in all things a little larger than life-size. His gestures were spectacular, sometimes to the point of being ludicrous. His political manifestos were theatrical and his incessant love affairs were often, since that was what he preferred, conducted in squalor. Yet he had qualities of greatness which save him from our ridicule, and help us to ignore the brutality which was as evident as his sentimentality in his relations with women.

He was a contradictory figure. He possessed the "perfect art of being a grandfather," yet he behaved with fantastic severity, and even cruelty, towards his wife who had once been unfaithful to him. In this he showed a quite stupendous lack of either reason or humour, for his own liaisons were innumerable, and notorious. He was capable of heroic verse and noble impulses, yet he was formidably conceited and rather mean with his money.

Many of these dissonances of character are possible to accept, but M. Daudet's book has its solemn aspects which I found less easy to reconcile with common sense, or even with a sense of proportion. In this mood he writes of "Hugo's amazing dignity and his pathetic existence with his wife who had betrayed him, his mistress, and his three children."

In the main, however, it is a distinguished biography and the author, who is a grandson-in-law of Victor Hugo, has used many private sources in his research into the life of one of the nineteenth-century's stormiest heroes.

A TALENT FOR HIGH-SPEED FARCE: Noel Godber provides some sparkling fare in his new novel, *Miss Barelegs* (John Long. 7s. 6d.). He guys advertising, artists' models, and elderly Don Juans with the same good-humoured skill that has characterised his previous work

Mr. Cortland Fitzsimmons' MYSTERY AT HIDDEN HARBOUR (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) has all the earmarks of an up-to-date detective story. The sleuths are women, the setting is both strange and luxurious, and the language is American.

To particularise, it is a murder story solved by an unromantic, and certainly unorthodox, middle-aged woman, a little in the tradition of Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's superb thrillers. It is effective and it carries a creep, even if it doesn't pack a punch, two *desiderata*, by the way, of the true blue thriller.

Mr. Fitzsimmons writes crisply, but his story would have gained from having an index. I was a little confused among the Abbies and Baldwins and Daves.

Mr. Noel Godler appears to have a talent for farce. In his new novel, MISS BARELEGS (John Long. 7s. 6d.) he contrives a number of situations of such absurdity that, if his story were translated to the stage, it would tax the ingenuity of Messrs. Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls and Robertson Hare to disentangle it. Miss Barelegs is the secretary of fiction in that she is efficient, inventive and beautiful. She works in, and for, an advertising agency, and is responsible for both their social and ultimate financial success. She is, in fact, a girl in a million, and I think that Mr. Godber has every reason to be delighted with her.

This England . . .

St. Martin's Plain, Kent

OUTWARDLY but another lovely county, Kent has had its own peculiar ways since Hengist and Horsa first founded the kingdom. The social order was different there—only one noble class above the freeman (and the wergeld or price of interference with this last was twice as high as elsewhere in England). This gave rise to some oddities of land-tenure which still persist. And to this day you must be careful not to call the Kentish Man a Man of Kent, for there is a prideful difference between those born east or west of the Medway. Yet is this as truly England as any of the shires—differing in its traditions yet the same in its traditionalism—just as beer is essentially English and Worthington an old and very special expression thereof.

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GO

not to be confused with STARTING

One of the biggest car manufacturers writes in his instruction book—

The procedure best adopted is to drive off straight from the start.

Go is what should happen the instant after your engine has fired

IF YOU WANT REAL GO, USE SHELL, THE FORTIFIED PETROL

SHELL for GO

GO for SHELL

A GOOD NAVIGATOR: There are passengers and passengers as every motorist knows. Undoubtedly among the most useful are those who can read a map and give precise directions to the driver. The driver is thus able to concentrate on the road

The Petrol World—By Percy Bradley

ROAD SENSE FROM THE LORDS

A Select Committee Makes Some Practical Proposals in its Sixty-seven Page Report

PEOPLE have varying views as to whether the House of Lords should be abolished, reconstituted or left alone. Some folk hold the opinion that no hereditary assembly can possess sufficient brains to accomplish anything useful to the nation, whilst there are others who argue that the people who probably have most to lose are those who will see that the affairs of the nation are carried on correctly. I am not setting out to be a politician but my remarks are prompted by the report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Prevention of Road Accidents.

The politicians may argue about the House of Lords but I think most thoughtful motorists who read and study this Report will come to the conclusion that their Lordships display far more common sense on this subject of prevention of road accidents than any other body that has endeavoured to study the problem. Many of their recommendations will upset the various classes of road users but the Select Committee realise apparently that one often has to be cruel to be kind.

The Report occupies some 67 pages of fairly small type matter and so it is quite impossible in the space at my disposal to refer to all the recommendations, but some perhaps stand out from the others and as many of them have been suggested in these notes from time to time it may be of interest to hear the views of the Committee on these points.

To start off with, the Committee, although suggesting to place increased control in the hands of the Ministry of Transport, very definitely state that the Ministry displays lack of vision and initiative and does not appear to possess any great driving force. I think all of us have for many years held the same opinion and I am afraid that the Ministry will go on in its own sweet way until it strengthens its personnel by the inclusion of outside practical men.

In the Report the Committee lay great stress on the importance of employing every type of propaganda for the purpose of educating and controlling all road users. It is suggested that there should be a continuous campaign by means of advertisement, wireless talks, cinema displays and by police instruction at certain centres. We are told in the Report that the number of motor cars on the road is increasing by 1,000 vehicles a day and that unless something very drastic is done in the way of widening and straightening our present roads and building new highways there will be complete chaos from terrific congestion of traffic in ten years' time.

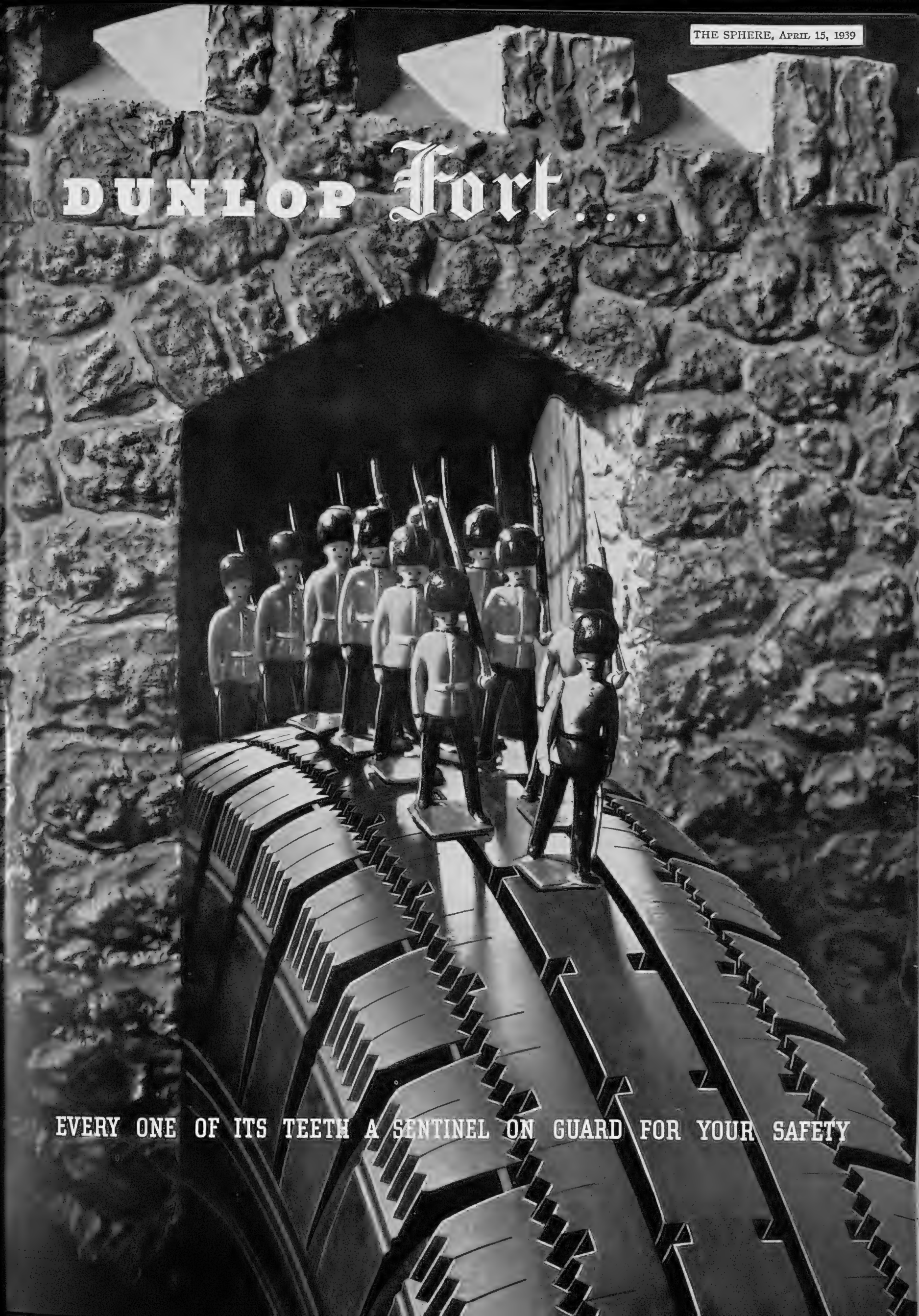
Very strong comments and suggestions are made concerning the general design of present-day motor cars. In fact, if the recommendations are acted upon it looks as if the present tendency to streamline coachwork would have to be abandoned. For instance, strong exception is taken to the present practice of hinging the driver's door on the centre pillar. The Committee consider a door opening in this manner is a distinct danger but they state in their Report that they believe it is not possible to alter this arrangement unless the dictates of fashion as far as streamlining are concerned are ignored. I am glad to note that the Committee consider that it should be an offence to open any offside door in a careless manner.

Later on they state that in many modern cars the dash-board is so high and the driving seat so low that it is almost impossible for the driver to see his nearside wings. From my experience I should say that 75 per cent. of the cars turned out of the factories to-day possess this fault. The Committee are of the opinion, and I think all of us will agree with them, that comfort and fashion should not be allowed to cause danger in this way. To show how thorough they were in their investigations they express their opinion that the steering-wheel should not be set too high, for drivers should be able to look over and not through the wheel.

(Continued on page 122)

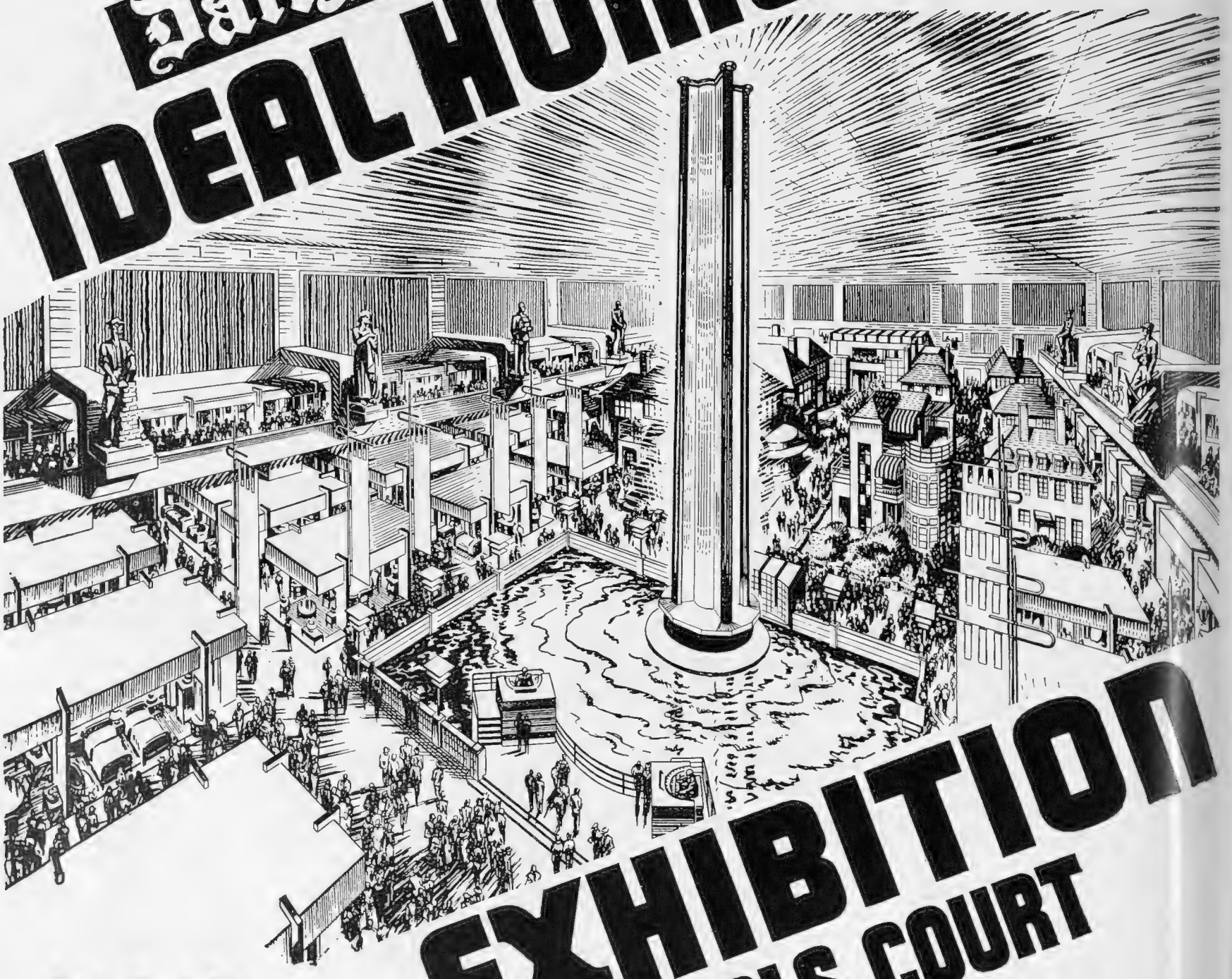
OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: An Austin Twelve Ascot Saloon is at home on even the roughest roads as its new type shock absorbers give real riding ease and comfort

DUNLOP Fort...



EVERY ONE OF ITS TEETH A SENTINEL ON GUARD FOR YOUR SAFETY

Daily Mail IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION EARLS COURT



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THE STORY OF AN ENGLISH ROOM

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Luminous colour and music in perfect harmony of tone and time—expressed through a tall graceful tower set in a rippling pool wherein all its moving radiance is reflected. That is the Kaleidakon, the thrilling centre-piece of the gayest and most interesting show of the year. With more new features than ever before, with hundreds of ingenious exhibits presented with bold imagination and beauty, the Ideal Home Exhibition enters into a new and even more popular phase of its remarkable history.
COME TO EARLS COURT TO-DAY

THE MICRO-ZOO
A Peep into an Unseen World

•

SPRING-TIME GLORY
In Sixteen Gracious Gardens

•

PARADE OF THE HOME-MAKERS

•

"JUST FOR JENNIFER"
A New-style Fashion Comedy

•

ROOMS WHERE CUPID REIGNED
etc., etc., etc.

Pages for Home Lovers

New Trends in Decoration and Design

Murals and Moulded Glass

THE art of the interior decorator is always a reflection of the times in which he lives, and it is logical, therefore, that at this moment all of them have turned their thoughts to clear, soft colours that are as gay as a summer morning, with furniture that is uneccentric and gracious, for they say that these are such troubled times, and people are so depressed, that their homes must be for them quiet havens where life can still be gentle and charming. And they are right.

Nobody can over-estimate the effect of colour on the senses, and nobody ever forgets a room that is welcoming and mellow even though it may not be superlatively luxurious.

There is still a gentle wave of early-Victorianism influencing most of our modern designers, but it makes itself felt in a mere suggestion of the period rather than in any faithful interpretation.

The most favoured colour for the spring is blue, every delicate shade of it, allied with rich browns, burgundy, and gleaming yellow. Wallpapers still grow in importance, particularly pastel-tinted ones patterned with delicate fleurs-de-lys or tiny stars. Pelmets are mostly composed of swags of rich material, looped and draped with exquisite precision. Quilted fabrics are miles ahead of any other sort. And there is a new Fern Weave carpet for covered floors which is made of twisted yarn and shows no footprints.

Reens-Arta quilt chintzes so cunningly designed that they look like tooled leather, especially when they are used for stools, and again they have the appearance of a heavy damask. They use huge floral designs and get excellent and unexpected effects by quilting the whole of the background and leaving the actual flowers plain so that they stand out with embossed clarity.

There is a feeling of sunny serenity about the drawing room photographed above, for which Hamptons are responsible. The matt off-white finish of the panelling has been designed as a background for the mural paintings by Mr. P. A. Staynes. They are executed in the Grisaille manner and are in a greyish-green monochrome, and with the moulded green-glass chimney-piece set in a brilliant cut grey mirror they form the only break in the walls. The windows are dressed with golden net and white quilted satin curtains, beautifully draped in the modern French manner. There is an off-white carpet, chairs in soft yellows and pastel shades, and very simple walnut furniture.

Painted Walnut Walls and Marbled Pilasters

Light-toned woods increase in popularity year by year, and blonde walnut is one of the loveliest of them all. Apart from its own intrinsic beauty of colour and marking, it harmonises extremely well with either modern or period backgrounds. It is used for the bureau, tables and chairs in the room designed by Mr. Yorke-Smith of Harrods, photographed above. The carpet and quilted damask curtains are grey-green, the walls are painted to represent walnut, and the pilasters and cornice are marbled in rose-violette. So subtle and quiet a colour scheme is one of which nobody would ever grow weary.

A charming bedroom at Harrods is furnished with blonde mahogany set against plumbago blue walls patterned with white bamboo. The curtains are of chintz, the quilted satin bedspreads are of pink and pearl, and the windows are covered with Venetian blinds with alternate slats in blue and white.

Utterly different in type, but infinitely appealing, is a small room which has walls hand-painted with the palest blue drapes, with opaline blue taffeta curtains beneath festooned brocade pelmets, an amethyst carpet, chairs, and sofa, and exquisite reproduction late-eighteenth-century satinwood furniture.

Wrought Iron and Polished Sycamore

On the left is a living room that typifies the modern tendency towards extreme simplicity offset by rich and colourful fabrics. The furniture is of polished sycamore, the chairs upholstered in deep turquoise moire striped with gold. The curtains, too, are turquoise, the carpet is natural coloured, and the walls are papered in deep peach with a white spot. White brackets and wrought iron wall tables complete the scheme, which has been designed by Whiteleys, and may be seen in their modern furniture salons which are a never-failing source of inspiration.

Birch is another light-toned wood which they use extensively, and the type of armchair shown in the picture is enjoying a great success because of its lightness and the general comfort of its unpretentious design.

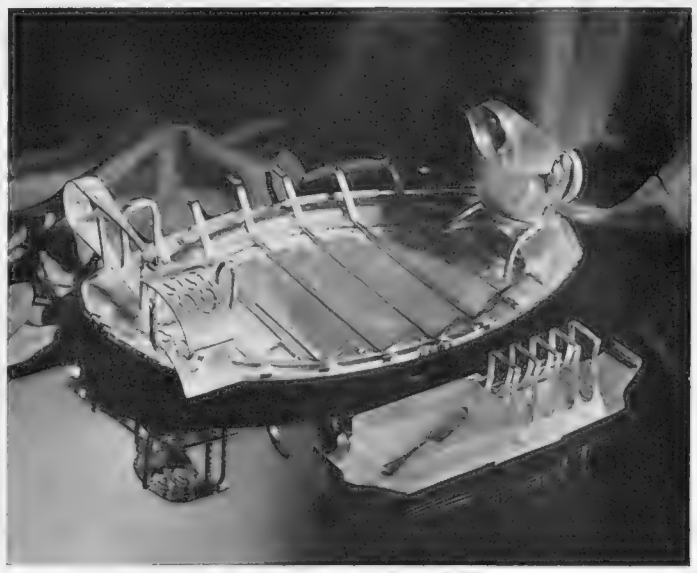
A bedroom that is all delicate charm and beauty of form is pictured above. The bedsteads are of wrought iron, painted white, and so is the mirror-topped dressing table with its mirror-faced drawers. The ivory satin bedspreads are bordered and striped with pale rose, and the rug is natural toned. Pale green wallpaper forms a restful background and throws into relief the flower-patterned curtains, while a charmingly proportioned chest and wardrobe, neither of which is seen in the picture, are of birch.

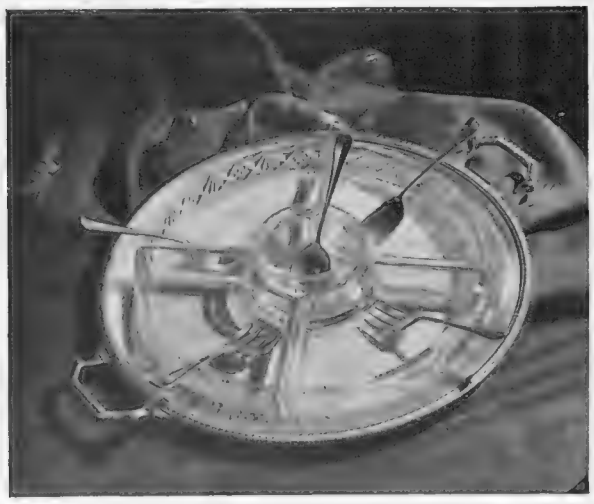
The revival of the jardiniere is a charming idea, particularly when a coloured light is concealed in the bell which hangs over the flowers.

This scheme, too, has been carried out by Whiteleys, where it may be seen in a gallery of perfectly-planned and infinitely varied modern rooms.

HINTS for HOSTESSES

IT is small things that earn unstinted praise for hostesses. The little personal attentions that can be so easily overlooked. The breakfast tray charmingly set with flower-tinted china. The bathroom lavishly stocked with eau-de-Cologne and toilet waters, with cotton-wool, and with bath essences. The dining table decorated with a centre motif of flowers set low so that they interfere with nobody's vision. Just as the supremely important things in a house are not those that have cost a great deal of money, but those that are unusual or that have real character. Mix things up if you want to, refusing utterly to be tied to a period. But be steadfastly and utterly ruthless in throwing out every single thing that is not pleasing in itself and that does not live harmoniously with its companions.





New Designs in Table Silver

Beautiful silver is one of the maior joys of civilisation, for it has a serenity and dignity that lends to any room a graciousness that is sorely needed in these hurried days. The warm reflections in its polished surface, the simplicity of its balanced curves, and the functionalism of modern designs make it a very enviable possession.

Immediately above is a Prince's Plate asparagus dish with a removable rack, servers, and sauce-boat. It is both handsome and practical, for the dish itself can be used for many purposes, and it costs only £7. The combined toast-rack and butter-dish and knife, also in Prince's Plate, costs 22s. 6d.

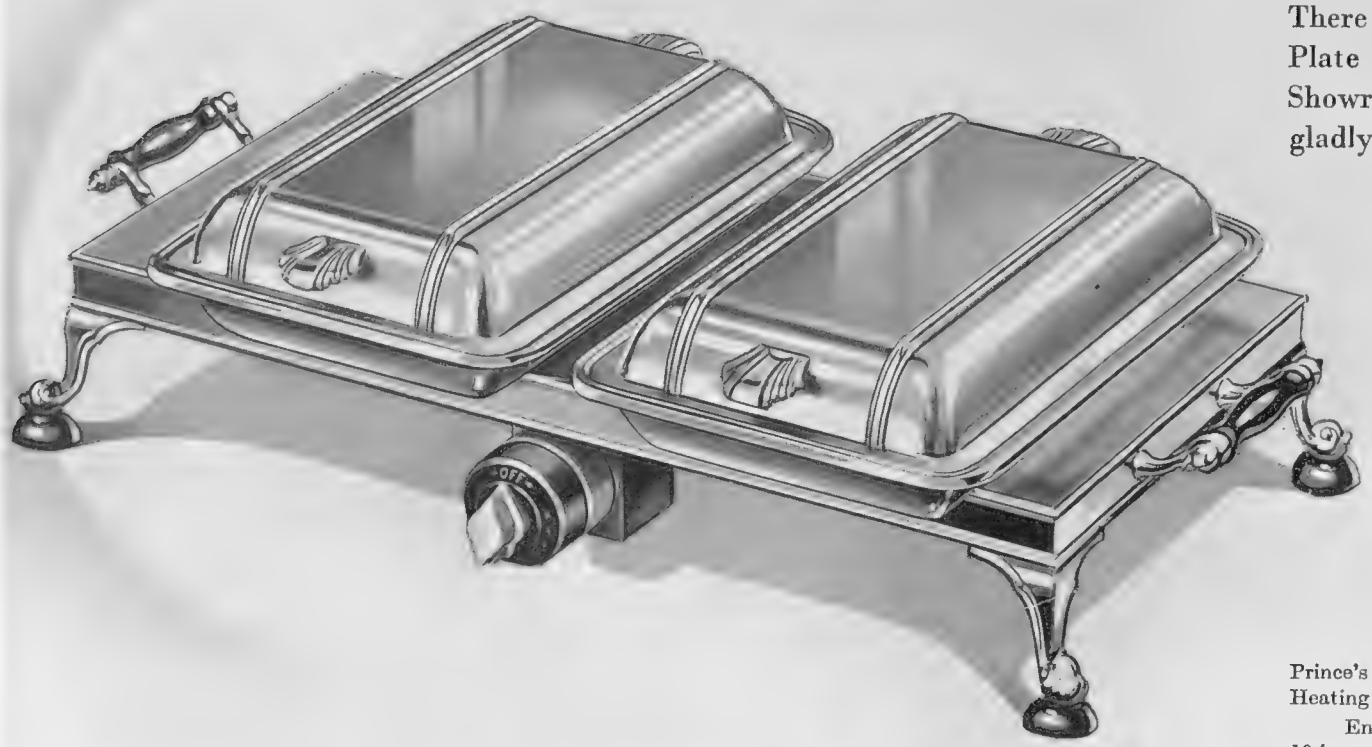
On the left is a Prince's Plate hors d'œuvre dish with five cut-glass dishes and servers, all for £4 15s. And above, on the right, a Prince's Plate coffee set, simple, but beautifully balanced, with green and white Foley china cups, set on a modern tray with fluted ivory handles. All these things come from Mappin and Webb, of London.

If there is one thing above all others that adds to the comfort and the convenience of every member of a household it is soft water. From the beauty point of view it is invaluable, and in the kitchen it saves money on soap and cleaning materials, it reduces fuel bills because it prevents kettles and hot-water pipes from "furring," and it adds enormously to the quality of the cooking because it preserves every atom of flavour.

The "Permutit" Permo Water Softener gives you the benefit of soft water from any tap in the house. It is cylinder-shaped, made of strong white vitreous china with chromium-plated fittings, and it can be as easily moved from room to room as a portable gramophone. The smaller size, which has an output of 60 gallons, costs 4 guineas, and the larger, with an output of 120 gallons, costs 6 guineas.

Full particulars of every type of "Permutit" Water Softener can be obtained from their London showrooms at 151, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE ARRIVAL AT BREAKFAST or any other meal for that matter —will offer no problem with one of these Prince's Plate Hot Plates upon the sideboard or table. They are easy to use—just move a switch to the degree of heat required, and Food, Coffee, and Plates will remain hot as long as required. There is a full range of Prince's Plate at each of our London Showrooms, or Catalogue will be gladly sent.



Prince's Plate and Aluminium Electric Heating Stand 18×9 ins. (3 heats) £7.12.6.
Entrée Dishes in Prince's Plate
10 ins. £3.10.0. 11 ins. £3.17.6 each.

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WASTE PAPER TUB decorated with flower print. Useful size. (F.G.1) 6/6

COAL BIN hand-painted, with separate metal container that lifts out. (F.G.4) 39/6

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FIRESCREEN, graceful shape; hand-painted with floral design. (F.G.3) 42/-

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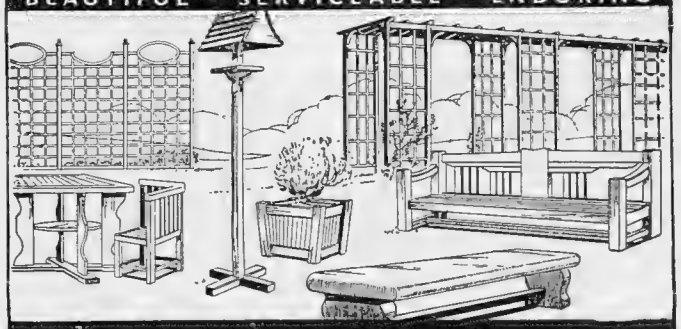

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A delightful interior with straight-grained Mahogany Divan. Fitment has shelf and book space above. A Bureau at one end, and an open Bookcase at the other. The loose Bolster Cushions when taken away allow for sleeping accommodation. This fitment together with Modern Easy Chair and Mushroom Table gives that essence of comfort so necessary to the modern room.

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MOTHERHOOD, *one of the fourteen giant statues designed by Professor Ernest Stern. Each of them is 17 ft. high, and they form the "Parade of the Home-Makers" at the Ideal Home Exhibition, which opens at Earls Court on April 11*

AN ENCHANTED KINGDOM

The Always New Wonders of the IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

IF press agents dream, surely their wildest fancies cannot outstrip the colour and the variety that actually exist at the Ideal Home Exhibition this year.

For years this has been going on. You wonder how a show, moulded about one theme, can repeat itself so often and so successfully. It proves that there is practically no limit to the number of times you can say the same thing differently.

Nobody will quarrel with me for saying that it *is* the same thing, because it is the wonder and the appeal of this exhibition that you know perfectly well before you get there that everything will be the same and yet fascinatingly, absorbingly different.

Quite apart from the undeniable interest which would draw us there anyway, there is a feeling of affection for the Ideal Home show. I feel it, thousands feel it. It is practically as much a part of spring as the crocuses.

Moreover, this year we see it all for the first time in the gargantuan setting of Earls Court. That in itself is a new interest.

What a giant's house-moving. One trembles to think what a thunderous affair the removal must have been. But here is the monster in his new quarters and here, undoubtedly, will he remain to please and to prosper indefinitely.

At the giant's house-warming you will meet with a brilliant scene. New foods, new flowers, new houses, and new ideas.

You'll see invention everywhere, in stone and metal, in glass and in colour. You can plan your new wardrobe, furnish your dream house, improve your gardening and your cooking, polish up on your history and get to grips with science. If that isn't good value I'd like to know what is.

You'll be well advised to plan your sightseeing carefully. There is so much you'll find interesting and so far to travel in seeing it that only a well-devised itinerary can take it all in with comfort.

Suppose you begin with the "features." Start at the Micro-Zoo. This is an amazing device which shows you all the weird and wonderful creatures existing, invisible to the eye, in water. You may not care much for the information imparted but it's as well you should know.

Take in the wonderful little house that has been planned by a woman architect, incorporating all the most practical features of house design and equipment she has discovered in her extensive tours of Europe.

Visit the *Repulse*. Here, in immaculate detail, is reproduced the section of the famous warship which has been adapted for the use of Their Majesties on the journey to Canada this summer. Every detail of their private apartments has been faithfully reproduced, and it is certainly the only chance you will ever have of seeing a British man-of-war masquerading as a royal palace.

Don't overlook the clever and informative feature called "The History of a Room." This shows you the development of a room through the various phases of furnishing fashion from Regency to modern times. It is a charming idea charmingly devised. You will learn a good deal from it.

Take in the Housing and Furnishing sections, the new fabrics and exotic textiles in the Fashion Section. Get up to date about cosmetics and clothes. Don't, as you may have done before, go home and listen later to the stories of wonders you failed to see.

Make a plan with the official guide as help. Pick out those features that make a special appeal to your interest and go for them systematically. It is the only way to see what you like and to like what you see.

Probably the deep secret of enjoying such a show as this is to go in the right company and in the right mood. Travel light, choose clothes that are comfortable and above all, give a serious thought to the matter of shoes. High heels and flimsy soles are not ideal for walking round an exhibition. The degree of your comfort is the degree of your enjoyment, and your shoes may well destroy both.

AN OLD MILL GARDEN, *miraculously made to grow at the Ideal Home Exhibition by Messrs. Carter. The gardens are always a tremendous attraction, and indeed their fresh and spontaneous beauty is a wonder of which one can never weary*

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Hamptons' B. 6996. — A fine Reproduction WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE, finished to represent the antique. Comprising 5 ft. Wardrobe; 3 ft. 9 in. Dressing Table; Mirror; 2 ft. 6 in. Millinery Cupboard.

Complete for

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Dressing Stool - **£4:4:0** extra

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Separate prices:

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Mirror - - -	£7:12:6
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B. 3281.—3 ft. Upholstered Bedsteads. Each **£17:17:0**

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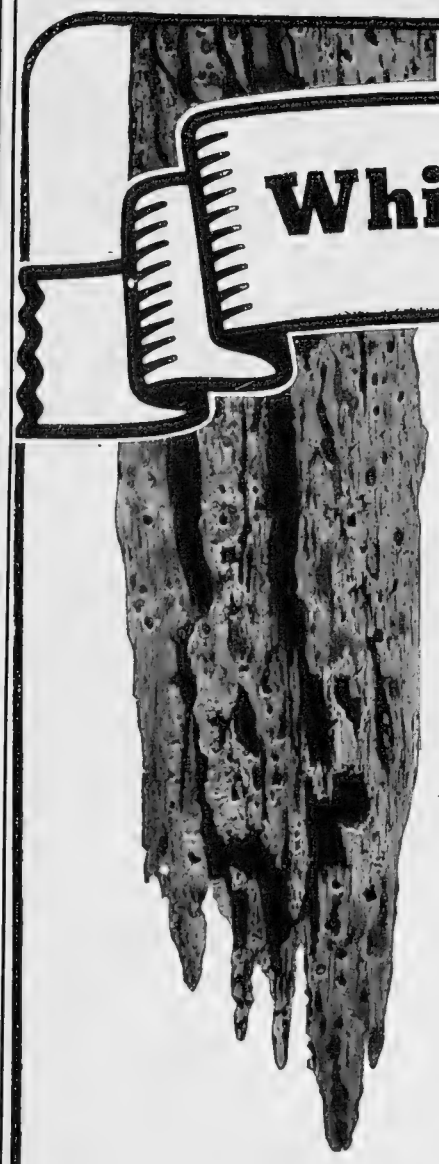

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You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

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SIMPLICITY AND SCIENCE

Solve a Busy Woman's Problems

TO the woman who works hard, and whose leisure has to be carefully hoarded, it must be a consoling thought that science works steadily for her and day by day solves more of her problems and lessens her difficulties.

The whole tendency in interior decoration is to simplify and to eliminate, making such use of colour that there can be no suggestion of bareness. This, and the many labour-saving devices that can now be bought at reasonable prices, rob even a completely servantless home of most of its drudgery.

Wherever there are small children in the house there should certainly be an Ediswan Loud-Speakerphone, for it is an ever-watchful but inconspicuous guardian that instantly gives warning of any trouble in the nursery without in any way interfering with or disturbing the children, whether they are playing or sleeping.

The master instrument is shown in our picture. This is the one that is fixed in the nursery, with six or less extensions leading to other rooms in the house. A flick of the finger connects any room that has an extension with the master, and at once the slightest sound at the master end is broadcast to the extension and the people in the room can speak to the children, quietening them if they are at play or soothing them if they waken.

There is a sensitive volume control, and the matter of wiring is extremely simple because the master station alone has a mains connection and this is simply plugged into the mains socket in the room. You can see it for yourself at any good electrical contractors, and you will find that it is very reasonably priced.

NO FUSS IN THE LIVING ROOM *and no unnecessary detail. Instead the dignity of unbroken lines and the charm of quiet colours. The furniture is white birch with white leather cloth chairs piped with green, an amethyst carpet, and a cigar-brown settee, all set against pearl walls. Harrods specialise in pleasing but moderately priced schemes for modern rooms*

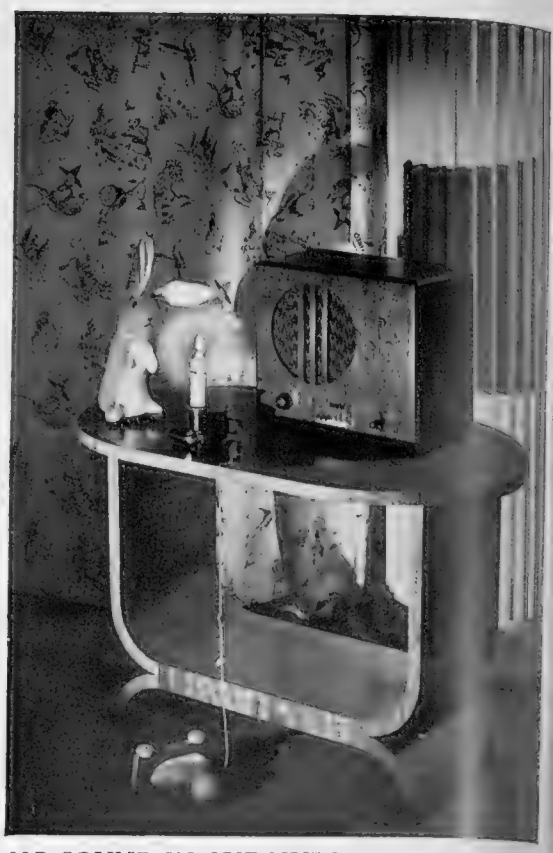
In thousands of homes throughout this country B.I. wiring systems have been, or are being, installed. Not only in large and lovely houses, but under assisted wiring schemes by corporations and electricity companies on many housing estates, for they are safe, neat, and inexpensive.

The B.I. cable works are the largest in the British Empire and they are the pioneers of paper insulation, so that anybody who is thinking of installing electricity, whether in an old house where carving and decorations must be respected, or in a new one that is yet to be built, would be well advised to write to British Insulated Cables Ltd., Prescot, Lancs, for full details of their wiring systems.

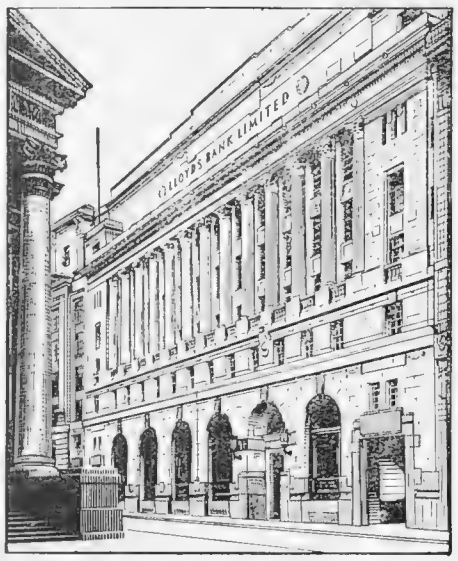
Floors can be a great problem, particularly if they are old and worn. Perhaps the most satisfactory way of dealing with them is to stain and polish them, but care is needed if the job is to last and to withstand hard wear.

The New Solignum Floor Stain is admirable for this purpose. It is brushed on evenly, and when, in two or three hours, it has dried, the application of a little wax polish will give it a perfect finish. For all interior and exterior woodwork Solignum is invaluable because it is such a remarkable preservative. It can be colourless, or you can get it in twenty good shades, and it must always be applied straight on to the bare wood. Spraying can be adopted where large surfaces have to be treated, and also for the under-side of floors. This spraying method is particularly useful when dealing with cases of dry-rot.

A card to 205, Borough High Street, S.E.1, will bring you details of the many uses to which Solignum can be put.



NO SOUND IN THE NURSERY *save for the quiet breathing of the child in the cot. No need either for the family to strain their ears all the time, or to sit in draughts, for the slightest sound is picked up by the Ediswan Loud-Speakerphone and is instantly transmitted to whatever extensions are plugged in*



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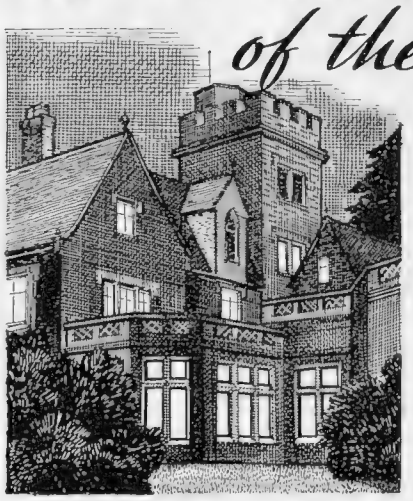

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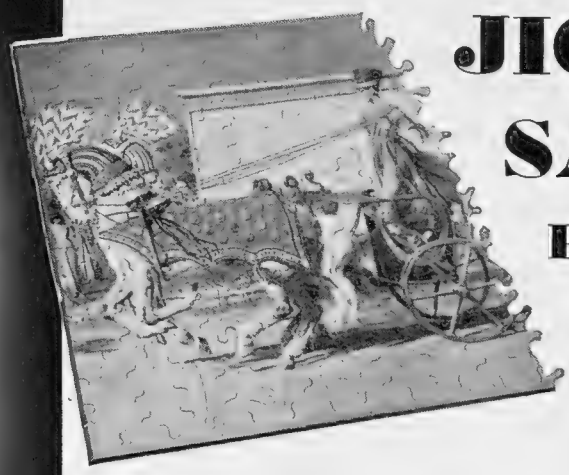

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti" by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

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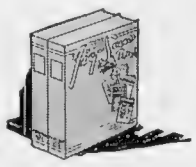

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MODERNITY AND CLASSICISM NOBLY BLENT: The Concert Hall designed for Stockholm by Professor Ivar Tengbom typifies the architectural splendour of this northern capital

STOCKHOLM.—The season of the northern capitals is approaching, and I wonder how many will give pride of place to Stockholm. It might be said that we owe this delightful city to the bold, bad Baltic pirates of old. There are some well-preserved links with the fortress, which was built nearly 700 years ago to protect Lake Malarem, chief among them being the beautiful Riddarholmen church.

The centre of Stockholm is a collection of islands known as the Staden-Mellan-Broarna, meaning the city between the bridges, and its most impressive building is the Royal Palace. In modern times Stockholm has taken to skyscrapers, but has also produced a building worthy of the older masterpieces—the City Hall, the work of the Swedish architect, Ragnar Ostberg.

Drottingholm, where there is a Royal Palace of distinction, is a delightful centre for the tourist, but one of the best ways of getting a comprehensive idea of this city of boats, bridges, and buildings, is to take a motor-launch excursion through its waterways.

Athens.—Some of the cruising liners will be putting into Phaleron Bay, and, in a short stay, it is rather perplexing to know what to see in a land to which the gods bequeathed so much. On landing, Athens is reached by motor along a broad modern highway, and a visit should be paid to the National Museum which contains the great majority of the excavated antiquities, the Acropolis with some of the most impressive ruins of ancient Greece, the Arch of Hadrian, the Stadium, where the Panathenian Games were held. It was restored in the 90's of last century for their revival.

You might give these places the "once over" in the course of the morning, and for the afternoon I have two suggestions—Marathon, 26 miles out of Athens, where a handful of Athenians routed the Persian hosts, or Eleusis, the ancient Attic city where mystic rights were performed in honour of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture. The route to Eleusis is along the old Sacred Way, and, en route, a visit should be paid to the Convent of Daphni with its beautiful Byzantine architecture and mosaics of the twelfth century. A strenuous day, perhaps, but a rich experience.

Rome.—The celebration throughout the Italian Empire of Marconi's day on April 25, and particularly at a reunion at Villa di Montecchio Marconi where he made some of his earliest experiments, brings Rome to mind.

Arturo Dazzi, the sculptor, whose work is on the war memorial arch at Genoa, has planned the monument to Marconi in the form of a pyramid. This will be a predominant feature of the Universal Exposition of 1942, and will remain permanently in the new quarter of Rome which is being erected in the district of Tre Fontane on the south bank of the Tiber, about halfway between the capital and Ostia.

The pyramid will be embellished from base to apex with high reliefs, the degree of projection varying according to their height on the structure in such a way that every episode will stand out with equal prominence when seen from below. While on the subject of Rome it is interesting to note that we have a team of British army officers competing there in the International Horse Show, which opens on the last day of this month and continues until May 7. These shows are held at the Piazza di Siena in a pleasantly wooded part of the famous Borghese Gardens. This will be the first time such a team has paid an official visit to Rome.

The Ardennes. — There are people who will tell you that Belgium is nothing more to them than the 40 miles of holiday coast. There must be something wrong with their travels if they do not feel the pull of the old cities—Bruges, Ghent, Namur, Malines, to name but a few—or wish to stay for a while in a village of the Ardennes.

I have a fancy for Durbuy-sur-Ourthe, which is said to be the smallest town in the world, for though only a village it has an ancient charter which gives it municipal rights. There is lovely scenery in the neighbourhood, and, incidentally, it is well placed for a visit to the International Exhibition which opens at Liége next month. Durbuy is one of the centres Cooks use for their walking holidays abroad, and that is guarantee enough of its excellence as a country for peaceful rambling.

ROME'S ROTTEN ROW: The track in the Borghese Gardens is an ideal place to ride in spring

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Brittany.—If you take your car from Queenstown to Le Havre you will be able to visit the really picturesque ports and inland places for which Brittany is renowned. The most fashionable and at the same time select resort is La Baule, with a magnificent beach, bordered by a large pine wood. We suggest you go there first and if you would like to make a change try St. Lunaire or St. Cast, which are much nearer Le Havre. St. Lunaire is the bigger and has a casino. It also has a good beach surrounded by rocks. The Golf Hotel, which charges 65 to 95 francs per day, is recommended.

Sicily.—Syracuse or Taormina would meet your requirements. The bathing is good, the country excellent for walking, and there is dancing at the big hotels. At Syracuse we recommend the Hotel Villa Politi, which charges 76 to 85 lire per day and 87 to 120 lire per day with bathroom. This is an excellent hotel but if you want a less expensive one we suggest the Hotel des Etrangers at 55 to 76 lire per day. At Taormina the San Domenico Palace is very good indeed, and has splendid gardens. The charge is 80 to 105 lire per day. Smaller, but quite comfortable, is the Beau Sejour at 50 to 65 lire per day.

Saas-Fee.—This resort is at the foot of the Mischabel peaks, of which the Dom (14,942 ft.) is the highest. Your route from Arosa would be *via* Chur on the Furka Oberalp railway through Disentis to Brigue on the main line. From there an electric narrow-gauge railway goes to Zermatt, but at Stalden, where the valley divides, there is a postal car to Saas-Grund, and Saas-Fee is a little farther on. It is nearly 6,000 ft. up in the centre of the high Alps, and an ideal centre for walking and climbing. The Beau-Site (70 to 105 francs per week) and Du Glacier (71 to 120 francs per week) are recommended.

A LAND FOR PEACEFUL RAMBLING: An impressive scene in the Ardennes, showing in the distance the little town of Dohan, in the picturesque and winding valley of the Semois

Bandol.—In May or late April you would find this a very delightful resort at which to recuperate. It is situated on a pretty bay and there is a choice of sandy beaches. It would not be crowded but would be lively enough not to be boring. There is a casino just outside the town. The Grand Hotel is extremely comfortable and the en pension terms are 50 to 115 francs per day.

Provence.—Avignon, Arles, and Nîmes are excellent centres from which to explore the very interesting country bordering on the valley of the Rhône, and there are very good arrangements for excursions by motor coach. At Avignon the Crillon is an excellent hotel, charging 60 to 95 francs per day for room and pension. If this is too expensive we suggest the Louvre or the Midi, which charge 40 to 55 francs per day. At Nîmes the Luxembourg at 55 to 70 francs per day, and the Midi at 45 to 48 francs are recommended, and at Arles the Nord Pinus at 45 to 80 francs per day.

Beverley Brooke

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ENIT

Italy

KINGS ARE ASSERTING THEMSELVES

(*Continued from page* 92)

been pushed aside. Had there been a republic, could this have occurred? Once again the adaptability and resilience of monarchy is demonstrated. Yet further trials are ahead.

In his quiet, roving way, King Boris has kept his end up, too. Nominally, his is not a limited monarchy. Executive power is vested in the King. If any criticism is possible, it might be that King Boris has shown himself too pliable, too beholden to parliamentary and military cliques. Yet the special difficulties in his case require to be allowed for. Wedded to an Italian consort of Mussolinian arranging (the union may have turned out quite a happy one without that obliterating its first impulse), this king finds himself directly in the path of Nazi ambition, and has to contend with elements which do not wish to join the Balkan Entente because of a passion to regain territory lost in wars with Greece and Yugoslavia.

As for King Zog, since this article was first put in type his reign has been abruptly terminated. (Readers will note that the caption beneath the King's portrait on page 92 should read in the past tense.)

The Shah of Iran cannot be overlooked in this survey: far from it. He has been putting himself firmly on the map.

Nor can the temporal sovereignty of Pope Pius XII be left out of account: far from that, also. The new Pontiff showed himself consistently well disposed to kings, as Secretary of State, a fact well demonstrated when the late Pope sent special greetings to our own King and Queen, in the last month of his life, through Mr. Chamberlain. The then Cardinal Pacelli was certainly at heart with that move.

What further kings might come? A lot of silly writing is indulged in on this head. I see, for instance, that the Comte de Paris' "chances of regaining the throne of his ancestors as Henri V have never been brighter." The Comte, on the contrary, has damaged such chance as may be his by last autumn clandestinely alighting in forbidden French territory and addressing journalists, summoned by subterfuge, in a property near Paris. France would most probably turn to a military dictatorship if it dispensed with republicanism. Nor are there signs of a demise of this form of government in Turkey and Switzerland. Yet, amazing to relate, that is the end of true or sure republicanism in contemporary Europe although a score years ago the Continent counted no fewer than eighteen honest-to-goodness republics following the war!

Poland's and Portugal's republics are authoritarian regimes not even camouflaged. As for the tiny affairs in the four Baltic territories and in Finland, who can really say that they are "sure"?

THE ROYAL JOURNEY TO CANADA

(*Continued from page* 96)

Luggage, of course, is always a problem on board His Majesty's ships, where there are no large and easily accessible baggage rooms. Naturally, the King and Queen of England and their immediate suite require a very large amount of luggage, for they must have with them uniforms and other clothes suitable to every and all occasions. In this respect H.M.S. *Repulse* is very fortunate. During her recent reconstruction she was fitted with two aeroplane hangars, one on each side of the ship abreast the after funnel. The starboard hangar will house an aeroplane on the Royal tour, but the port hangar will be partly baggage store. In the port hangar, too, will be stowed the Royal barge—a fast motor craft. She can be run out of the hangar and hoisted in or out by the crane usually used for handling the seaplanes.

FLORAL ARISTOCRATS: Miss Doreen Clement Shorter, seventeen-year-old daughter of the late Clement Shorter, who was for many years editor of "The Sphere," holding two bunches of "Greeting," the beautiful Cornish daffodils which won an award of merit at the Spring Show at the Horticultural Hall

In order to keep to schedule for the voyage, H.M.S. *Repulse* and her escort of two cruisers of the new Southampton class will have to make good a speed of at least 20 knots. This, although much below the full speed of any of the ships, is considerably in excess of their most economical speed so far as fuel consumption is concerned. H.M.S. *Repulse* carries a maximum of 4,243 tons of oil fuel, and it has been calculated that she will not have more than 900 tons of this left when she reaches the other side of the Atlantic. **Kenneth Edwards**

THE PETROL WORLD (*Cont. from page* 110)

As might be expected, certain comments are made on the subject of speed limits. They recognise that some form of speed limit must be retained, but they consider that there are too many restricted areas a present.

More than a page is devoted to the subject of alcohol and from the remarks made it would almost appear as if the Select Committee were strict teetotallers and desired that everyone else should be the same.

I have no sympathy whatever for the individual who attempts to drive his car when he is in a state generally known as under the influence of drink. I go so far as to say that anyone convicted of such an offence should have his licence taken away for life, but I thoroughly disagree with people, whether they are scientists or preachers, who tell me that I drive either more carelessly or more dangerously after I have had a glass of sherry.

I think there are a number of people who in the ordinary way are poor drivers because they are over-cautious or over-nervous. Such drivers can be and are frequently a source of danger to others, just as in the same way a driver meandering along the Great North Road at 20 m.p.h. during the week-end is more dangerous than someone speeding along the same road at 60 m.p.h. These over-nervous drivers in my strong opinion become better drivers after they have partaken of a drink or two. Obviously, I am not recommending anyone to have even a glass of port if such a beverage immediately makes the individual drunk. I think it is a pity that the Committee descended to what I might call the frivolous manner in referring to the oft heard saying "One for the road."

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The ninety-sixth Annual Meeting and Display of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W.1, on Tuesday, May 16, at 3 p.m. H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, K.G., President of the Society, has graciously consented to preside, and displays will be given by children from the various Homes. Please help the great work of maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls. Tickets, reserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d. may be obtained from the headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Unreserved free.

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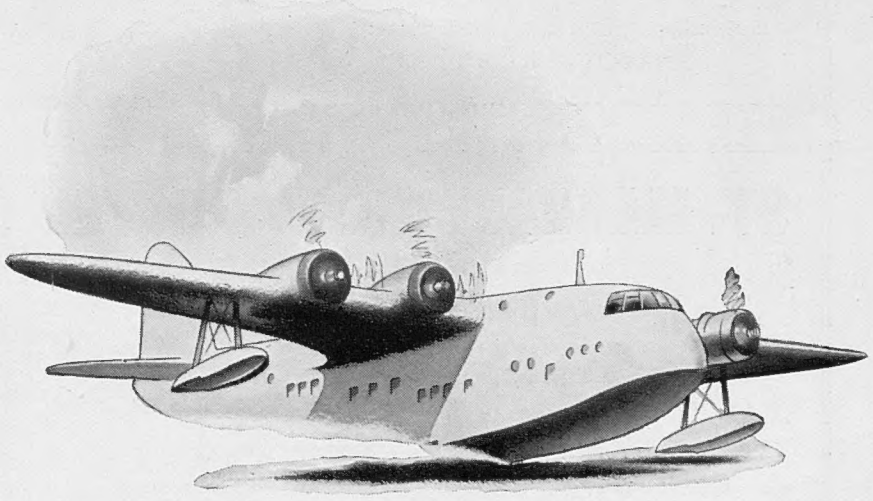

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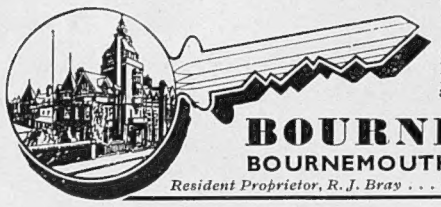

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In Quest of

A Real Old English Inn i
Natural Dignity o

IT will always be a matter of controversy as to which is the finest of the Yorkshire dales, and I certainly am not in a position as yet to be anything but a humble listener in such a discussion.

Suffice it to say that my sporadic excursions amongst them has given me such a thirst for further knowledge that it will not be easily assuaged, and at the moment I have a particular urge to come on intimate terms with Wharfedale, a situation which has arisen through a recent visit to Burnsall, which lies 12 miles from Ilkley and 12½ from Skipton.

Here is a Yorkshire village which seems to have everything in its favour. Fell and daleland scenery at its best, not too isolated from civilisation. A picked position for exploration afoot or awheel ; and a choice of two hotels where at times there is no choice, because all available accommodation is booked months ahead.

The Red Lion at Burnsall is first and foremost an inn. It has known coaching days, it has withstood the weather of many years ; and to-day, as of old, its chief purport is to dispense hospitality to the passing traveller or to those who deliberately seek its portals.

All through the year — no matter what the elements are without—a nightly 5s. dinner attracts not only the traveller, but motorists from Harrogate, Ilkley, and other residential centres, who are appreciative of menus which, written in long hand, are indicative of good English fare. Lunches, too, can be obtained daily from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., whilst tea on the banks of the Wharfe is as good an excuse for an afternoon run in the car as one could think of.

The eight bedrooms are small, spotless, and, in their chintz furnishings and in the style of the furniture, retain the character of the English inn.

By the side of the inn is the old bridge through which the Wharfe tumbles and trickles, according to the mood it is in. And how quickly its *tempo* changes! You can literally see its rise and fall, and always it impresses. Here, on the terrace of the hotel, you can fish for trout, or enjoy the best grayling fishing in England in winter (Association tickets at 7s. 6d. a day can be obtained at the hotel).

The Red Lion's opposite number, a few hundred yards away, is the Fell Hotel, which, as recently as last December, came into the possession of a Mr. Turpin and his family ; and judging from what I heard and saw of the Fell, I should not hesitate to recommend it. The rooms are spotless, the position superb, and Mr. Turpin is such an enthusiast for the fells and dales, and Wharfedale in particular, that Burnsall is going to be the better for his presence. Fully licensed, as is the Red Lion, the Fell has some twenty

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Yorkshire Dales : The Scottish Hotels

bedrooms. From some you look across the dale to Simon's Seat and Appletreewick. In others you hear the grouse mournfully counting the days . . . to the 12th.

The discovery in an old drawer the other day of some photographs of the Cairngorms and the Pools of Dee reminds me of another hotel in a very different part of the country, where creature comfort is happily blended with wild surroundings—the Aviemore Hotel at Aviemore. Though little more than a wayside village in itself, Aviemore is perhaps *the* capital of the Inverness-shire highlands. It is marvellously strategically situated: in one direction you have the Cairngorms at your doorstep; within a few minutes by car lie the varying attractions of Spean Bridge, Blair Atholl and Loch Ness. The Aviemore Hotel is never forgotten, once visited.

How can one describe its atmosphere? It is baronial and yet friendly, quiet yet by no means drab, marvellously comfortable yet in its own way simple. You have often heard of hotels, the better sort of country hotels, keeping their own fisherman in order that the chef may be regularly supplied with fresh fish, caught in loch or stream, but when have you heard of an hotel where the chef and fisherman are one and the same man?

This is what you will find at the Aviemore Hotel, and if you prowl discreetly around the back premises you will find the chef setting off in the morning with his fishing tackle and returning laden with trout from the loch, which he keeps alive in the kitchen until the moment comes to pop them under the grill. Small wonder that trout, or indeed any other dish, at the Aviemore Hotel tastes a little better than usual, and this is just an example of the thoroughness which is characteristic of it.

I have heard people complain, unjustly in my opinion, that the ordinary Scottish hotel is drab and unappealing. The fact is that it has a simplicity and a dignity which is often lacking in English hotels, but which in no way detracts from comfort. The Aviemore Hotel is as good an example of this natural Scottish dignity as could be found anywhere. Add to all its merits as an hotel its situation and the opportunities it presents for sport and exercise and you will see the possibilities of a holiday at this hotel which even if it does stand back beside the Highland Road, is in another sense truly "off the beaten track."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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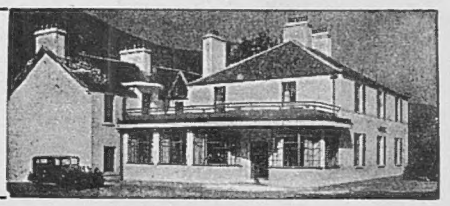

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